



Shakespeare (1563)  
H. C. 12. 9. 20

T H E  
Second part of Henrie  
the fourth, continuing to his death,  
and coronation of Henrie  
the fift.

With the humours of sir Iohn Fal-  
staffe, and swaggering  
Pistoll.

*As it hath been sundrie times publikely*  
acted by the right honourable, the Lord  
Chamberlaine his seruants.

*Written by William Shakespeare.*



*George Steuens*

L O N D O N

Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise, and  
William Aspley. 27-2  
1600.





The second part of Henry the fourth,  
continuing to his death, and coro-  
nation of Henry the  
fift.

*Enter Rumour painted full of Tongues.*

**R**Pen your eares; for which of you will stop  
The vent of hearing, when lowd Rumor speaks?  
I from the Orient to the drooping West,  
(Making the wind my poste-horse) still vnfold  
The acts commenced on this ball of earth,  
Vpon my tongues continuall slanders ride,  
The which in euery language I pronounce,  
Stuffing the eares of men with false reports,  
I speake of peace while couert enmity,  
Vnder the smile of safety, woundes the world:  
And who but Rumor, who but onely I,  
Make fearefull musters, and prepar'd defence,  
Whiles the bigge yeare, swolne with some other grieve,  
Is thought with child by the sterne tyrant Warre?  
And no such matter. Rumour is a pipe,  
Blowne by surmizes, lealoufies coniectures,  
And of so easie, and so plaine a stop,  
That the blunt monster, with vncounted heads,  
The still discordant wau'ring multitude,  
Can play vpon it. But what need I thus  
(My wel knowne body) to anethomize  
Among my houshold? why is Rumor here?

A 2

I



*The second part of*

I runne before King Harries victorie,  
Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,  
Hath beaten downe yong Hot-spurre and his troopes,  
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion,  
Euen with the rebels blood. But what meane I  
To speake so true at first: my office is  
To noyse abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell  
Vnder the wrath of noble Hot-spurs sword,  
And that the King before the Douglas rage,  
Stoopt his annointed head as low as death.  
This haue I rumour'd through the peasant townes,  
Betweene that royall field of Shrewsbury,  
And this worme-eaten hole of ragged stone,  
When Hot-spurs father old Northumberland  
Lies crafty sicke, the postes come tyring on,  
And not a man of them brings other newes,  
Than they haue learnt of me, from Rumors tongues,  
They bring smooth comforts false, worse then true wrongs.

*exit Rumours.*

*Enter the Lord Bardolfe at one doore.*

*Bard.* Who keepes the gate here ho? where is the Earle?

*Porter* What shall I say you are?

*Bard.* Tell thou the Earle,

That the Lord Bardolfe doth attend him heere.

*Porter* His Lordship is walkt forth into the orchard,

Please it your honor knocke but at the gate,

And he himselfe will answer. *Enter the Earle Northumberland.*

*Bard.* Here comes the Earle.

*Earle.* What newes Lord Bardolfe? euery minute now

Should be the father of some Stratagem,

The times are wild, contention like a horse,

Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,

And beares downe all before him.

*Bard.* Noble Earle,

I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.

*Earle* Good, and God will.

*Bard.*

*Henry the fourth.*

*Bard.* As good as heart can wish:

The King is almost wounded to the death,

And in the fortune of my Lord your sonne,

Prince Harry slaine outright, and both the Blunts

Kild by the hand of Dowglas, yong prince Iohn,

And Westmerland and Stafford fled the field,

And Harry Monmouthes brawne, the hulke sir Iohn,

Is prisoner to your sonne: O such a day!

So fought, so followed, and so fairely wonne,

Came not till now to dignifie the times

Since Cæsars fortunes.

*Earle* How is this deriu'd?

Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

*Bar.* I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence, *enter*

A gentleman well bred, and of good name, *Trauers.*

That freely rendred me these newes for true.

*Earle* Here comes my seruant Trauers who I sent

On tuesday last to listen after newes.

*Bar.* My lord, I ouer-rode him on the way,

And he is furnisht with no certainties,

More then he haply may retale from me.

*Earle* Now Trauers, what good tidings comes with you?

*Trauers* My lord, sir Iohn Vmfreuile turnd me backe

Withioyfull tidings, and being better horst,

Outrode me, after him came spurring hard,

A gentleman almost forespent with speede,

That stopt by me to breathe his bloudied horse,

He askt the way to Chester, and of him

I did demand what newes from Shrewsbury,

He told me that rebellion had bad lucke,

And that yong Harrie Percies spur was cold:

With that he gaue his able horse the head,

And bending forward, strooke his armed heeles,

Against the panting sides of his poore iade,

Vp to the rowell head, and starting so,

He seem'd in running to deuoure the way,

A 3

Stay-



## The second part of

Staying no longer question. *Earle* Ha? againe,  
Said he, yong Harry Percies spur was cold,  
Of Hot-spurre, Cold-spurre, that rebellion  
Had met ill lucke?

*Bard.* My lord, Ile tell you what,  
If my yong Lord your sonne, haue not the day,  
Vpon mine honor for a silken point,  
Ile giue my Barony, neuer talke of it.

*Earle* Why should that gentleman that rode by Trauers,  
Giue then such instances of losse?

*Bard.* Who he?  
He was some hilding fellow that had stolne  
The horse he rode on, and vpon my life  
Spoke at a venter. Looke, here comes more news. *enter Mor-*

*Earle* Yea this mans brow, like to a title lease, *son.*  
Foretells the nature of a tragicke volume,  
So lookes the strond, whereon the imperious floud,  
Hath left a witnest vsurpation.

Say Mourton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

*Mour.* I ranne from Shrewsbury my noble lord,  
Where hatefull death put on his vglyest maske,  
To fright our partie.

*Earle* How doth my sonne and brother?  
Thou tremblest, and the whitenes in thy cheeke,  
Is apter then thy tongue to tell thy arrand,  
Euen such a man, so faint, so spiritleffe,  
So dull, so dead in looke, so woe begon,  
Drew Priams curtaine in the dead of night,  
And would haue told him, halfe his Troy was burnt:  
But Priam found the fier, ere he, his tongue,  
And I, my Percies death, ere thou reportst it.  
This thou wouldst say, Your son did thus and thus,  
Your brother thus: so fought the noble Dowglas,  
Stopping my greedy care with their bold deedes,  
But in the end, to stop my care indeed,  
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,  
Ending with brother, sonne, and all are dead.

*Mour.*

## Henry the fourth.

*Mour.* Douglas is liuing, and your brother yet,  
But for my Lord your sonne:

*Earle* Why he is dead?  
See what a ready tongue Suspition hath!  
He that but feares the thing hee would not know,  
Hath by instinct, knowledge from others eies,  
That what he seard is chanced: yet speake Mourton,  
Tell thou an Earle, his diuination lies,  
And I will take it as a sweete disgrace,  
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

*Mour.* You are too great to be by me gainesaid,  
Your spirite is too true, your feares too certaine.

*Earle* Yet for all this, say not that Percie's dead,  
I see a strange confession in thine eie,  
Thou shakst thy head, and holdst it feare, or sinne,  
To speake a truth: if he be slaine,  
The tongue offends not that reports his death,  
And he doth sinne that doth belie the dead,  
Not he which saies the dead is not aliue,  
Yet the first bringer of vnwelcome newes  
Hath but a loosing office, and his tongue  
Sounds euer after as a sullen bell,  
Remembred tolling a departing friend.

*Bard.* I cannot thinke, my Lord, your sonne is dead.

*Mour.* I am sory I should force you to beleue,  
That which I would to God I had not scene,  
But these mine eies saw him in bloudy state,  
Rending faint quittance, wearied, and out-breathd,  
To Harry Monmouth, whose swift wrath beat downe  
The neuer daunted Percy to the earth,  
From whence with life he neuer more sprung vp.  
In few his death, whose spirite lent a fire,  
Euen to the dullest peasant in his campe,  
Being bruted once, tooke fire and heate away,  
From the best temperd courage in his troopes,  
For from his mettall was his party steeled,

Which



*The second part of*

Which once in him abated, al the rest  
Turnd on themselues, like dull and heauy lead.  
And as the thing thats heauy in it selfe,  
Vpon enforcement flies with greatest speed:  
So did our men, heauy in Hot-spurs losse,  
Lend to this weight such lightnesse with their feare,  
That arrowes fled not swifter toward their ayne,  
Than did our souldiers aiming at their safetie,  
Fly from the field: then was that noble Worcester,  
So soone tane prisoner, and that furious Scot,  
The bloody Douglas whose well labouring sword,  
Had three times slaine th' appearance of the King,  
Gan vaile his stomacke, and did grace the shame  
Of those that turnd their backs, and in his flight,  
Stumbling in feare, was tooke: the summe of all  
Is, that the King hath wonne, and hath sent out,  
A speedy power to incounter you my lord,  
Vnder the conduct of yong Lancaster,  
And Westmerland: this is the news at ful.  
*Earle* For this I shal haue time enough to mourne,  
In poison there is phisicke, and these newes,  
Hauing beene wel, that would haue made me sicke:  
Being sicke, haue (in some measure) made me wel:  
And as the wretch whose feuer-weakned ioynts,  
Like strengthlesse hinges buckle vnder life,  
Impacient of his fit, breakes like a fire  
Out of his keepers armes; euen so my limbes,  
Weakened with griefe, being now enragde with griefe,  
Are thrice themselves: hence therfore thou nice crutch,  
A scaly gauntlet now with ioynts of Steele  
Must gloue this hand, and hence thou sickly coife,  
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,  
Which princes, flesht with conquest, ayme to hit:  
Now bind my browes with yron, and approach  
The raggedst houre that Time and Spight dare bring,  
To frowne vpon th' inragde Northumberland,

La

*Henry the fourth.*

Let heauen kisse earth, now let not Natures hand  
Keepe the wild flood confind, let Order die,  
And let this world no longer be a stage,  
To feed contention in a lingring act:  
But let one spirite of the first borne Cain  
Raigne in all bosomes, that ech heart being set  
On bloody courses, the rude sceane may end,  
And darknesse be the burier of the dead.  
*Vmfr.* This strained passion doth you wrong my lord.  
*Bard.* Sweet earle, diuorce not wisdom from your honor,  
*Mour.* The liues of all your louing complices,  
Leaue on you health, the which if you giue ore,  
To stormy passion must perforce decay.  
*Bard.* We all that are ingaged to this losse,  
Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas,  
That if we wrought out life, twas ten to one,  
And yet we venturd for the gaine proposde,  
Choakt the respect of likely perill fear'd,  
And since we are orefet, venture againe:  
Come, we will al put forth body and goods.  
*Mour.* Tis more then time, and my most noble lord,  
I heare for certaine, and dare speake the truth.  
*North.* I knew of this before, but to speake truth,  
This present griefe had wipte it from my mind,  
Go in with me and counsell euery man,  
The aptest way for safety and reuenge,  
Get postes and letters, and make friends with speed,  
Neuer so few, and neuer yet more need. *exunt.*

*Enter sir Iohn alone, with his page bearing his sword  
and buckler.*

*John* Sirra, you giant, what saies the doctor to my water?  
*Page* He said sir, the water it self was a good healthy water,  
but for the party that owed it, he might haue moe diseases then  
he knew for.

B

*John*



## The second part of

*John* Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the braine of this foolish compounded clay-man is not able to inuent any thing that intends to laughter, more then I inuent, or is inuēted on me, I am not only witty in my selfe, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow that hath ouerwhelmd al her litter but one, if the prince put thee into my seruice for any other reason then to sett me off, why then I haue no iudgement thou horeson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heels I was neuer man- ned with an agot till now, but I wil in-set you, neither in golde nor siluer, but in vile apparell, and send you backe againe to your master for a iewell, the iuuenall the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledge, I will sooner haue a beard grow in the palme of my hand, then he shal get one off his cheek, & yet he will not sticke to say his face is a face royall, God may fi- nish it when he will, tis not a haire amisse yet, he may keepe it still at a face royall, for a barber shall neuer carue sixpence out of it, and yet heele be crowing as if he had writte man euer since his father was a batcheler, he may keepe his owne grace, but hees almost out of mine I can assure him: what said master Dommelton about the fatten for my short cloake and my stoppes?

*Boy* He saide sir, you should procure him better assurance then Bardolfe, he would not take his band and yours, he liked not the securitie.

*sir Iohn* Let him be damn'd like the glutton, pray God his tongue be hotter, a horeson Achitophelia rascall: yea forsooth knaue, to beare a gentle man in hand, and then stand vpon se- curity, the horeson sinoothy-pates doe now weare nothing but hie shoodes and bunches of keyes at their girdles, and if a man is through with them in honest taking vp, then they must stand vppon security, I had as liue they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security, I lookt a should haue sent me two and twenty yards of fatten. (as I am a true knight,) and he sends me security: well he may sleepe in security, for he hath the horne of aboundance, and the lightnesse of his wife shines

## Henry the fourth.

shines through it: wheres Bardolf, & yet can not he see though he haue his owne lanthorne to light him.

*Boy* Hees gone in Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

*sir Iohn* I bought him in Paules, and heele buy me a horse in Smithfield, and I could get me but a wife in the stewes, I were man'd, horde, and wiu'd.

*Enter Lord chiefe Iustice.*

*Boy* Sir, here comes the noble man that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolfe.

*sir Iohn* Wait close, I will not see him.

*Iustice* Whats hee that goes there?

*seru.* Falstaffe, and t please your lordship.

*Iust.* He that was in question for the robbery?

*seru.* He my Lord, but he hath since done good seruice at Shrewsbury, & (as I heare,) is now going with some charge to the lord Iohn of Lancaster.

*Iust.* What to Yorke? call him backe againe.

*seru.* Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

*Iohn* Boy, tell him I am deafe.

*Boy* You must speake lowder, my master is deafe.

*Iust.* I am sure he is to the hearing of any thing good, goe plucke him by the elbow, I must speake with him.

*seru.* Sir Iohn?

*Falst.* What? a yong knaue and begging? is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the King lacke subiects? do not the rebels need souldiers, though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg then to be on the worst side, were it worse then the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

*seru.* You mistake me sir.

*Iohn* Why sir, did I say you were an honest man, setting my knighthood and my souldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

*seru.* I pray you sir then set your knighthood, and your sol- diership aside, and giue me leaue to tell you, you lie in your throate, if you say I am any other then an honest man.

B 2

*Iohn.*



## The second part of

*John* I giue thee leaue to tell me, so I lay aside that which growes to me, if thou getst any leaue of me, hang me, if thou takst leaue, thou wert better be hangd, you hunt couter, hence, auant.

*serv.* Sir, my Lord would speake with you.

*Iust.* Sir Iohn Falstaffe, a word with you.

*Falst.* My good Lord, God giue your lordship good time of day, I am glad to see your lordship abroad, I heard say your lordship was sicke, I hope your lordship goes abroad by aduise, your lordship, though not clean past your youth, haue yet some smack of an ague in you, some relish of the saltnes of time in you, and I most humbly beseech your lordship to haue a reuerend care of your health.

*Iustice* Sir Iohn, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

*John* Andt please your lordship, I heare his maiesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

*Iust.* I talke not of his maiesty, you would not come when I sent for you.

*Falst.* And I heare moreouer, his highnes is falne into this same horson apoplexi.

*Iust.* Well, God mend him, I pray you let me speake with you.

*Falst.* This appoplexi as I take it is a kind of lethergie, and't please your lordship, a kind of sleeping in the bloud, a horson tingling.

*Iust.* What tell you me of it, be it as it is.

*Falst.* It hath it originall from much griefe, from study, and perturbation of the braine, I haue read the cause of his effects in Galen, it is a kind of deafenes.

*Iust.* I think you are falne into the disease, for you heare not what I say to you.

*Old.* Very wel my lord, very wel, rather and't please you it is the disease of not listning, the maladie of not marking that I am troubled withall.

*Iust.* To punish you by the keeles, would amend the attention

## Henry the fourth.

tion of your cares, and I care not if I doe become your phisitian.

*Falst.* I am as poore as Iob my lord, but not so pacient, your Lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of pouerty, but how I should be your pacient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make som dramme of a scruple, or indeede a scruple it selfe.

*Iust.* I sent for you when there were matters against you for your life to come speake with me.

*Falst.* As I was then aduise by my learned counsaile in the lawes of this land seruice, I did not come.

*Iust.* Wel, the truth is sir Iohn, you liue in great infamy.

*Falst.* He that buckles himselfe in my belt cannot liue in lesse.

*Iust.* Your meanes are very slender, and your waste is great.

*Falst.* I would it were otherwise, I would my meanes were greater and my waste slender.

*Iust.* You haue missed the youthfull prince.

*Falst.* The yong prince hath missed me, I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dogge.

*Iust.* Wel, I am loth to gall a new heald wound, your daies seruice at Shrewsbury, hath a little guilded ouer your nights exploit on Gadshill, you may thanke th' vnquiet time, for your quiet oreposting that action.

*Falst.* My lord.

*Iust.* But since all is well, keepe it so, wake not a sleeping wolfe.

*Falst.* To wake a wolfe, is as bad as smell a fox.

*Iust.* VVhat you are as a candle, the better part, burnt out.

*Falst.* A wassel candle my lord, at tallow, if I did say of wax, my growth would approue the truth.

*Iust.* There is not a white haire in your face, but should haue his effect of grauity.

*Falst.* His effect of grauy, graue, graue.

*Iust.* You follow the yong prince vp and downe, like his ill angell.



## The second part of

*Falst.* Not so my lord, your ill angell is light, but I hope he that lookes vpon me will take me without weighing, and yet in some respects I grant I cannot go. I cannot tell, vertue is of so little regard in these costar-mongers times, that true valour is turn'd Herod, Pregnancie is made a Tapster, & his quick wit wasted in giuing reckonings, all the other giftes appertinent to man, as the malice of his age shapes the one not worth a goosbery, you that are old consider not the capacities of vs that are yong, you doe measure the heate of our liuers with the bitterness of your galls, and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confesse are waggess too.

*Le.* Do you set downe your name in the scroule of youth, that are witten downe, old with all the characters of age? haue you not a moist eie, a dry hand, a yelow cheeke, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? is not your voice broken, your winde short, your chinne double, your wit single, and euery part about you blasted with antiquitie, and will you yet call your selfe yong? fie, fie, fie, sir Iohn.

*Iohn* My Lorde, I was borne about three of the clocke in the afternoone, with a white head, and something a round belie, for my voyce, I haue lost it with hallowing, and singing of Anthems: to approoue my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in iudgement and vnderstanding: and hee that wil caper with me for a thousand markes, let him lend me the money, and haue at him for the boxe of the yeere that the Prince gaue you, he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a sensible Lord: I haue checkt him for it, and the yong lion repents, mary not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silke, and olde sacke.

*Lord* Well, God send the prince a better companion.

*Iohn* God send the companion a better prince, I cannot ridde my hands of him.

*Lord* Well, the King hath seuerd you: I heare you are going with lord Iohn of Lancaster, against the Archbishop and the Earle of Northumberland.

*Iohn* Yea, I thanke your prety sweet witte for it: but looke you

## Henry the fourth.

you pray, all you that kisse my lady Peace at home, that our armies ioyne not in a hote day, for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I meane not to sweate extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, & I brandish any thing but a bottle. I would I might neuer spit white again: there is not a dangerous action can peepe out his head, but I am thrust vpon it. Wel, I cannot last euer, but it was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they haue a good thing, to make it too common. If yee will needs say I am an olde man, you should giue me rest: I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is, I were better to be eaten to death with a rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetuall motion.

*Lord* Well, be honest, be honest, and God blesse your expedition.

*Iohn* Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

*Lord* Not a penny, not a penny, you are too impatient to beare crosses: fare you well: commend mee to my coosine Westmerland.

*Iohn* If I do, fillip me with a three man beetle: A man can no more separate age and couetousnesse, than a can part yong limbs and lechery, but the gowt galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and so both the degrees preuent my curses,

*Boy* Sir.

(boy.

*Iohn* What money is in my purse?

*Boy* Seuen groates and two pence.

*Iohn* I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse, borrowing onely lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable: Go beare this letter to my lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Westmerland, and this to olde mistris Vrsula, whome I haue weekly sworne to marry since I perceiud the first white haire of my chin: about it, you know where to finde me: a pox of this gowt, or a gowt of this pox, for the one or the other playes the rogue with my great toe. Tis no matter if I doe hault, I haue the warres for my color, and my pension shal seeme the more reasonable: a good

wit



## The second part of

wit will make vse of any thing; I will turne diseases to commoditie.

*Enter th' Archbishop, Thomas Mowbray (Earle Marshall) the Lord Hastings, Fauconbridge, and Bardolfe.*

*Bishop* Thus haue you heard our cause, and knowne our And my most noble friends, I pray you al (meanes, Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes, And first Lord Marshall, what say you to it?

*Marsh.* I well allow the occasion of our armies, But gladly would be better satisfied, How in our meanes we should aduance our selues, To looke with forehead, bold, and big enough, Vpon the power and puissance of the King.

*Hast.* Our present musters grow vpon the file, To five and twenty thousand men of choise, And our supplies liue largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whose bolome burnes With an incensed fire of iniuries.

*Bard.* The question then Lord Hastings standeth thus, Whether our present five and twentie thousand, May hold vp head without Northumberland.

*Hast.* With him we may.

*Bard.* Yea mary, theres the point, But if without him we be thought too feeble, My iudgement is we should not step too far.

*Bish.* Tis very true lord Bardolfe, for indeede It was yong Hot-spurs cause at Shrewsbury.

*Bard.* It was my Lord, who lined himselfe with hope, Eating the ayre, and promise of supplie, Flattering himselfe in proiect of a power, Much smaller then the smallest of his thoughts, And so with great imagination, Proper to mad-men, led his powers to death, And winking, leapt into destruction.

*Hast.* But by your leaue it neuer yet did hurt,

To

## Henry the fourth.

To lay downe likelihoods and formes of hope.

*Bard.* We fortifie in paper, and in figures, Vsing the names of men in steed of men, Like on that drawes the model of an house, Beyond his power to build it, who (halfe thorough) Giues o re, and leaues his part-created cost, A naked subiect to the weeping clowdes, And waste for churlish winters tyrannie.

*Hast.* Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire birth) Should be stil borne, and that we now pollest The utmost man of expectation, I thinke we are so, body strong enough, Euen as we are to equal with the King.

*Bard.* What is the King but five and twenty thousand?

*Hast.* To vs no more, nay not so much, Lord Bardolfe, For his diuisions, as the times do brawle, And in three heads, one power against the French, And one against Glendower, perforce a third Must take vp vs, so is the vsfirme King In three diuided, and his coffers sound With hollow pouertie and emptinesse.

*Bish.* That he should draw his seuerall strengths together, And come against vs in full puissance, Need not to be dreaded.

*Hast.* If he should do so, French and Welch he leaues his back vnarmed, they baying him at the heeles, neuer feare that.

*Bar.* Who is it like should leade his forces hither?

*Hast.* The Duke of Lancaster and Westmerland: Against the Welch, himself and Harry Monmouth: But who is substituted against the French I haue no certaine notice.

*Bish.* Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

*Hast.* We are Times subiects, and Time bids be gone. *ex.*

*Enter Hostesse of the Tauerne, and an Officer or two.*

C

Hostesse.



## The second part of

*Hofteffe* Master Phang, haue you entred the action?

*Phang* It is entred.

*Hofst.* Wheres your yeoman? ist a lusty yeoman? wil a stand too't?

*Phang* Sirra, wheres Snare?

*Hofst.* O Lord I, good master Snare.

*Snare* Here, here.

*Phang* Snare, we must arest sir Iohn Falstaffe.

*Hofst.* Yea good master Snare, I haue entred him and all.

*Snare* It may chaunce cost some of vs our liues, for he will stabbe.

*Hofst.* Alas the day, take heed of him, he stabd me in mine owne house, most beastly in good faith, a cares not what mischief he does, if his weapon be out, he will soyne like any diuell, he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

*Phang* If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

*Hofst.* No nor I neither, I le be at your elbow.

*Phang* And I but fist him once, and a come but within my view.

*Hofst.* I am vndone by his going, I warrant you, hees an infinitiue thing vppon my score, good maister Phang holde him sure, good master Snare let him not scape, a comes continually to Pie corner (sauing your manhoods) to buy a saddle, and he is indited to dinner to the Lubbers head in Lumbert streete to master Smooths the silk man, I pray you since my exion is entred, and my case so openly knowne to the worlde, let him be brought in to his answer, a hundred marke is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare. and I haue borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin subd off, and subd off, and subd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on, there is no honesty in such dealing, vnlesse a woman should be made an asse, and a beast, to beare euery knaues wrong: yonder he comes, and that arrant malmie-nose knaue Bardolfe with him, do your offices. do your offices master Phag, & master Snare, do me, do me, do me your offices.

*Enter sir Iohn, and Bardolfe, and the boy.*

*Falst.*

## Henry the fourth.

*Falst.* How now, whose mare's dead? whats the matter?

*Phang* I arrest you at the sute of mistris *Quickly.*

*Falst.* Away varlets, draw Bardolfe, cut me off the villaines head, throw the queane in the channell.

*Hofst.* Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee in the channell, wilt thou, wilt thou, thou bastardly rogue, murder, murder, a thou honisuckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods officers and the Kings? a thou honiseed rogue, thou art a honiseed, a man queller, and a woman queller.

*Falst.* Keepe them off Bardolfe.

*Offic.* A reskew, a reskew.

*Hofst.* Good people bring a reskew or two, thou wot, wot thou, thou wot, wot ta, do do thou rogue, do thou hempseed.

*Boy* Away you scullian, you rampallian, you fustilarian, ile tickle your catastrophe.

*Enter Lord chiefe iustice and his men.*

*Lord* What is the matter? keepe the peace here, ho.

*Hofteffe* Good my lord be good to me, I beseech you stand to me.

*Lord* How now sir Iohn, what are you brawling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and businesse? You should haue bin well on your way to Yorke: Stand from him fellow, wherefore hang'st thou vpon him.

*Hofst.* O my most worshipful Lord, and't please your grace I am a poore widdow of Eastcheape, and he is arrested at my sute.

*Lord* For what summe?

*Hofst.* It is more then for some my Lord, it is for al I haue, he hath eaten me out of house and home, he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his, but I wil haue some of it out againe, or I wil ride thee a nights like the mare.

*Falst.* I think I am aslike to ride the mare if I haue any vantage of ground to get vp.

*Lord* How comes this sir Iohn? what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation, are you not ashamed to inforce a poore widdow, to so rough a course to come

C 2

by



## The second part of

by her owne.

*Falst.* What is the grosse summe that I owe thee?

*Host.* Mary if thou wert an honest man, thy selfe and the mony too: thou didst sweare to me vpon a parcell gilt goblet, sitting in my dolphin chamber, at the round table by a sea cole fire, vpon wednesday in Wheeson weeke, when the prince broke thy head, for hking his father to a singing man of Win-  
for, thou didst sweare to me the, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife, canst thou deny it, did not goodwife Keech the butchers wife come in then and cal me gossip Quickly, comming in to borow a messe of vine-  
gar, telling vs she had a good dish of prawnes, whereby thou didst desire to eate some, whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene wound, and didst thou not, when she was gone down stayers, desire me, to be no more so familiarity, with such poore people, saying that ere long they should cal me madam, and didst thou not kisse me, and bid me fetch thee thirtie shillings, I put thee now to thy booke oath, denie it if thou canst.

*Falst.* My lord this is a poore made soule, and she saies vp and dowie the towne, that her eldest sonne is like you, she hath bin in good case, and the truth is pouerty hath distracted her, but for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may haue redresse against them.

*Lo.* Sir Iohn sir Iohn, I am wel acquainted with your maner of wrenching the true cause, the false way: it is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more then impudent sawcines from you can thrust me from a leuel consideration: you haue as it appeares to me practisde vpon the easie yeelding spirite of this woman, and made her serue your vses both in purse and in person.

*Host.* Yea in truth my Lord.

*Lo.* Pray thee peace, pay her the debt you owe her, and vn-  
pay the villany you haue done with her, the one you may doe with sterling mony, and the other with currant repentance.

*Falst.* My Lord I will not vndergoe this snepe without re-  
ply, you cal honorable boldnes impudent sawcinesse, if a man

wa

## Henry the fourth.

will make curtsie and say nothing, he is vertuous, no my Lord my humble duty remembred. I will not bee your suter, I say to you I do desire deliuerance from these officers, being vpon hasty imployment in the Kings affayres.

*Lord.* You speake as hauing power to do wrong, but answer in th effect of your reputation, and satisfie the poore wo-  
man.

*Falst.* Come hither hostesse.

*Lord.* Now master Gower, what newes. *enter a messenger.*

*Gower.* The King my Lord, and Harry prince of Wales, Are neare at hand, the rest the paper tells.

*Falst.* As I am a gentleman!

*Host.* Faith you said so before.

*Falst.* As I am a gentleman, come, no more words of it.

*Host.* By this heauenly ground I tread on, I must be faine to pawne both my plate; & the tapestry of my dining chambers.

*Falst.* Glasses glasses is the onely drinking, and for thy wals a pretty sleight drollery, or the storie of the prodigal, or the Iarman hunting in waterworke, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangers, and these flie bitten tapestrie, let it be x. If thou canst: come, and twere not for thy humors, theres not a better wench in England, goe wash thy face and draw the action, come thou must not be in this humor with me, dost not know me, come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

*Host.* Pray thee sir Iohn let it be but twentie nobles, if faith I am loath to pawne my plate so God saue me law.

*Falst.* Let it alone, ile make other shift, youle be a foole stil.

*Host.* Well, you shall haue it, though I pawne my gowne, I hope youle come to supper, youle pay me altogether.

*Falst.* Wil I lue? goe with her, with her, hooke on, hooke on. *exit hostesse and sergent.*

*Host.* Will you haue Doll Tere-sheet meste you at supper.

*Falst.* No more words, lets haue her.

*Lord.* I haue heard better newes.

*Falst.* Whats the newes my lord?

*Lord.* Where lay the King to night?

C 3

Mess.



## The second part of

*Mess.* At Billingsgate my Lord.

*Falst.* I hope my Lord al's wel, what is the newes my lord?

*Lord* Come all his forces backe?

*Mess.* No, fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse  
Are marcht vp to my lord of Lancaster,  
Against Northumberland, and the Archbishop.

*Falst.* Comes the King back from Wales, my noble lord?

*Lord* You shall haue letters of me presently,  
Come, go along with me, good maister Gower.

*Falst.* My lord.

*Lord* Whats the matter?

*Falstaffe* Maister Gower, shall I intreate you with mee to  
dinner?

*Gower* I must waite vpon my good lord here, I thank you  
good sir Iohn.

*Lord* Sir Iohn, you loyter heere too long,  
Being you are to take souldiers vp  
In Counties as you go.

*Falstaffe* Will you suppe with mee maister Gower?

*Lord* What foolish maister taught you these manners, sir  
Iohn?

*Falstaffe* Maister Gower, if they become me not, hee was a  
foole that taught them mee: this is the right fencing grace, my  
Lord, tap for tap, and so part faire.

*Lord* Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great foole.

*Enter the Prince, Poynes, sir Iohn Russel, with other.*

*Prince* Before God, I am exceeding weary.

*Poynes* Ist come to that? I had thought wearines durst not  
haue attacht one of so hie blood.

*Prince* Faith it does me, though it discolors the complexi-  
on of my greatnes to acknowledge it: doth it not shew vildly  
in me, to desire small beere?

*Poynes* Why a Prince should not be so loosely studied, as  
to remember so weake a composition.

*Prince* Belike then my appetite was not princely gote, for  
by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature smal beere.

But

## Henry the fourth.

But indeed these humble considerations make me out of loue  
with my greatnesse. What a disgrace is it to mee to remember  
thy name? or to know thy face to morow? or to take note how  
many paire of silke stockings thou hast with these, and those  
that were thy peach colourd once, or to beare the inuentorie of  
thy shirts, as one for superfluitie, and another for vse. But that  
the Tennis court keeper knows better than I, for it is a low eb  
of linnen with thee when thou keepest not racket there, as thou  
hast not done a great while, because the rest of the low Coun-  
tries haue eate vp thy holland: and God knows whether those  
that bal out the ruines of thy linnen shal inherite his kingdom:  
but the Midwiues say, the children are not in the fault where-  
vpon the world increaseth, and kinreds are mightily strengthe-  
ned.

*Poynes* How ill it followes, after you haue labored so hard,  
you should talke so ydlely! tell me how many good yong prin-  
ces would doe so, their fathers being so sicke, as yours at this  
time is.

*Prince* Shall I tel thee one thing Poynes?

*Poynes* Yes faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.

*Prince* It shall serue among wittes of no higher breeding  
then thine.

*Poynes* Go to, I stand the push of your one thing that you  
will tell.

*Prince* Mary I tell thee it is not meete that I should bee sad  
now my father is sicke, albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it  
pleases me for fault of a better to call my friend, I could be sad,  
and sad indeede too.

*Poynes* Very hardly, vpon such a subiect.

*Prince* By this hand, thou thinkest me as farre in the diuels  
booke, as thou and Falstaffe, for obduracie and persistancie,  
let the end trie the man, but I tel thee, my heart bleeds inward-  
ly that my father is so sick, and keeping such vile company as  
thou arte, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sor-  
rowe.

*Poynes* The reason.

*Prince.*



## The second part of

*Prince* What wouldst thou thinke of me if I should weep?

*Poynes* I would thinke thee a most princely hypocrite.

*Prince* It would bee every mans thought, and thou arte a blessed fellow, to thinke as euery man thinks, neuer a mans thought in the world, keepes the rode way better then thine, euery man would thinke me an hypocrite indeede, and what accites your most worshipfull thought to thinke so?

*Poynes* Why because you haue been so lewd and so much engrafted to Falstaffe.

*Prince* And to thee.

*Poynes* By this light I am well spoke on, I can heare it with mine owne eares, the worst that they can say of me is that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands, and those two things I confesse I cannot helpe: by the masse here comes Bardolfe.

*Enter Bardolfe and boy.*

*Prince* And the boy that I gaue Falstaffe, a had him from me Christian, and looke if the fat villaine haue not transformd him Ape.

*Bard.* God saue your grace.

*Prince* And yours most noble Bardolfe.

*Poynes* Come you vertuous asse, you bashfull foole, must you be blushing, wherefore blush you now? what a maidenly man at armes are you become? ist such a matter to get a pottle-pots in maidenhead?

*Boy* A calls me enow my Lord, through a red lattice, and I could discerne no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eies, and me thought he had made two holes in the ale wiues peticote and so peept through.

*Prince* Has not the boy profited?

*Bard.* Away you horson vpright rabble, away.

*Boy* Away you rascally Altheas dreame, away.

*Prince* Instruct vs boy, what dreame boy?

*Boy* Mary my lord, Altheas dreamt she was deliuered of a firebrand, and therefore I call him her dreame.

*Prince* A crownes worth of good interpretation there tis boy.

*Poynes*

## Henry the fourth.

*Poines* O that this blossome could be kept from cankers! well, there is sixpence to preferue thee.

*Bard.* And you do not make him hangd among you, the gallows shall haue wrong.

*Prince* And how doth thy master Bardolfe?

*Bard.* Well my Lord; he heard of your graces comming to towne, theres a letter for you.

*Poynes* Deliuerd with good respect, and how doth the martlemasse your master?

*Bard.* In bodily health sir.

*Poynes* Mary the immortall part needes a phisitian, but that moues not him, though that be sicke, it dies not.

*Prince* I do allow this Wen to be as familiar with me, as my dogge, and he holds his place, for looke you how he writes.

*Poynes* Iohn Falstaffe Knight, euery man must know that as oft as he has occasion to name himselfe: euen like those that are kin to the King for they neuer pricke their finger, but they saye, theres some of the Kings blood spilt: how comes that (saies he) that takes vpon him not to conceiue the answer is as ready as a borrowed cap: I am the Kings poore cofin, sir.

*Prince* Nay they will be kin to vs, or they will fetch it from Iaphet, but the letter, Sir Iohn Falstaffe knight, to the sonne of the king, nearest his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.

*Poynes* Why this is a certificate.

*Prince* Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romanes in breuitie.

*Poynes* He sure meanes breuity in breath, short winded, I commend mee to thee, I commend thee, and, I leaue thee, be not too familiar with Poynes, for he misuses thy fauours so much, that he sweares thou art to mary his sister Nel, repent at idle times as thou maist, and so farwel.

Thine by yea, and no, which is as much as to say, as thou vsest him, Iacke Falstaffe with my family, Iohn with my brothers and sisters, and sir Iohn with all Europe.

*Poynes* My Lord, Ile steep this letter in sacke and make him

D

cate



*The second part of*

cate it.

*Prince* Thats to make him cate twenty of his words, but do you vse me, thus Ned? must I marrie your sister?

*Poynes* God send the wench no worse fortune, but I neuer said so.

*Prince* Wel, thus we play the fooles with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clowdes and mocke vs, is your master here in London?

*Bard.* Yea my Lord.

*Prince* Where sups he? doth the old boare feede in the old Franke?

*Bard.* At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheape.

*Prince* VVhat companie?

*Boy* Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

*Prince* Sup any women with him?

*Boy* None my lord, but old mistris Quickly, and mistris Doll Tere-sheet.

*Prince* VVhat Pagan may that be?

*Boy* A proper gentlewoman sir, and a kinswoman of my masters.

*Prince* Euen such kinne as the parish Heicfors are to the towne bull, shall we steale vpon them Ned at supper?

*Poynes* I am your shadow my Lord, ile follow you.

*Prince* Sirra, you boy and Bardolfe, no worde to your master that I am yet come to towne; theres for your silence.

*Bar.* I haue no tongue sir.

*Boy* And for mine sir, I will gouerne it.

*Prince* Fare you well: go, this Doll Tere-sheete should be some rode.

*Poynes* I warrant you, as common as the way between S. Albons and London.

*Prince* How might we see Falstaffe bestow himself to night in his true colours, and not our selues be seene?

*Poynes* Put on two letherne ierkins and aprons, and waite vpon him at his table as drawers.

*Prince* From a god to a bul, a heauy descension, it was Iones case

*Henry the fourth.*

case, from a pince to a prentise, a low transformation, that shal be mine, for in enery thing the purpose must weigh with the folly, follow me Ned.

*Enter Northumberland his wife, and the wife to Harry Percie.*

*North.* I pray thee louing wife and gentle daughter, Giue euen way vnto my rough affaires, Put not you on the visage of the times, And be like them to Percy troublesome.

*Wife* I haue giuen ouer, I will speake no more, Do what you wil, your wisdom be your guide.

*North.* Alas sweete wife, my honor is at pawne, And but my going, nothing can redeeme it.

*Kate* O yet for Gods sake, go not to these wars, The time was father, that you broke your word, When you were more endeere to it then now, When your owne Percie, when my hearts deere Harry, Threw many a Northward looke, to see his father Bring vp his powers, but he did long in vaine.

Who then perswaded you to stay at home? There were two honors lost, yours, and your sonnes, For yours, the God of heauen brighten it, For his, it stucke vpon him as the sunne In the grey vault of heauen, and by his light Did all the Cheualry of England moue To do braue acts, he was indeede the glasse Wherein the noble youth did dresse themselves.

*North.* Bethrew your heart, Faire daughter, you do draw my spirites from me, With new lamenting ancient ouersights, But I must go and meete with danger there, Or it will seeke me in an other place, And find me worse prouided.

*Wife* O flie to Scotland, Till that the nobles and the armed commons, Haue of their puissance made a little taste.

*Kate* If they get ground and vantage of the King,

D 2

Then



## The second part of

Then ioyne you with them like a ribbe of Steele,  
To make strength stronger: but for al our loues,  
First let them trie themselues, so did your sonne,  
He was so suffred, so came I a widow,  
And neuer shall haue length of life enough,  
To raine vpon remembrance with mine eies,  
That it may grow and sprout as high as heauen,  
For recordation to my noble husband.

*North.* Come, come, go in with me, tis with my mind,  
As with the tide, sweld vp vnto his height,  
That makes a stil stand, running neither way,  
Faine would I go to meete the Archbishop,  
But many thousand reasons hold me backe,  
I will resolute for Scotland, there am I,  
Till time and vantage craue my company.

*Enter a Drawer or two.*

*exunt.*

*Francis* What the diuel hast thou brought there apple  
Iohns? thou knowest sir Iohn cannot indure an apple Iohn.

*Draw.* Mas thou saist true, the prince once set a dish of ap-  
ple Iohns before him, and tolde him there were fise more sir  
Iohns, and putting off his hat, said, I will now take my leaue of  
these six drie, round, old, withered Knights, it angered him to  
the heart, but he hath forgot that.

*Fran.* Why then couer and set them downe, and see if  
thou canst find out Sneakes Noife, mistris Tere-sheet would  
faine heare some musique.

*Dra.* Dispatch, the roome where they supt is too hot, theile  
come in straight.

*Francis* Sirra, here wil be the prince and master Poynea-  
non, and they will put on two of our ierkins and aprons, and sir  
Iohn must not know of it, Bardolfe hath brought word.

*Enter Will.*

*Dra.* By the mas here will be old vtis, it wil be an excellent  
stratagem.

*Francis* Ile see if I can find out Sneake.

*exit*

*Enter mistris Quickly, and Doll Tere-sheet.*

*Quickly*

## Henry the fourth.

*Quickly* Yfaith sweet heart, me thinkes now you are in an  
excellent good temperalitie. Your pulsfidge beates as extraor-  
dinarily as heart would desire, and your colour I warrant you  
is as red as any rose, in good truth law: but yfaith you haue  
drunke too much canaries, and thats a maruelous searhing  
wine, and it perfumes the bloud ere one can say, whats this,  
how do you now?

*Tere.* Better then I was: hem.

*Qui.* Why thats well said, a good heart's worth gold: loe  
here comes sir Iohn.

*enter sir Iohn:*

*sir Iohn* When Arthur first in court, empty the iourdan and  
was a worthy King: how now mistris Doll?

*host.* Sicke of a calme, yea good faith.

*Falst.* So is all her sect, and they be once in a calme they are  
sicke.

*Tere.* A pox damne you, you muddie rascall, is that all the  
comfort you giue me?

*Falst.* You make fat rascals mistris Dol.

*Tere.* I make them? gluttonie, and diseases make, I make  
them not.

*Falst.* If the cooke help to make the gluttonie, you helpe to  
make the diseases Doll, we catch of you Doll, we catch of you  
graunt that my poore vertue, grant that.

*Doll* Yea ioy, our chaines and our iewels.

*Fa.* Your brooches, pearles, & ouches for to serue brauely,  
is to come halting off, you know to come off the breach, with  
his pike bent brauely, and to surgerie brauely, to venture vpon  
the charge chambers brauely.

*Doll* Hang your selfe, you muddie Cunger, hang your  
selfe.

*host* By my troth this is the old fashion, you two neuer meet  
but you fall to some discord, you are both ygood truth as rew  
matique as two dry tofts, you cannot one beare with anothers  
côfirmities, what the goodyere one must beare, & that must be  
you, you are the weaker vessell, as they say, the emptier vessell.

D 3

*Doll.*



*The second part of*

*Dorothy* Can a weake empty vessell beare such a huge full hogshhead? theres a whole marchants venture of Burdeaux stuffe in him, you haue not seene a hulke better stuft in the hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee iacke, thou art going to the wars, and whether I shall euer see thee againe or no there is no body cares.

*Enter drawer.*

*Dra.* Sir, Antient pistols belowe, and would speake with you.

*Dol.* Hang him swaggering rascal, let him not come hither: it is the foule-mouthd ft rogue in England.

*Host.* If he swagger, let him not come here, no by my faith I must liue among my neighbours, Ile no swaggerers, I am in good name, and fame with the very best: shut the doore, there comes no swaggerers here, I haue not liu'd al this while to haue swaggering now, shut the doore I pray you.

*Fal.* Dost thou heare hostesse?

*Host.* Pray ye pacifie your selfe sir Iohn, there comes no swaggerers here.

*Fal.* Dost thou heare: it is mine Ancient.

*Ho.* Tilly fally, sir Iohn, nere tel me: & your ancient swaggrer comes not in my doores: I was before maister Tisicke the debuty tother day, & (as he said to me) twas no longer ago than wednesday last, I good faith, neighbor Quickly, sayes he, maister Dumb: our minister was by then, neighbor Quickly (saies he) receiue those that are ciuil, for (saide he) you are in an ill name: now a saide so, I can tell whereupon. For (saies he) you are an honest woman, and well thought on, therefore take heede what ghests you receiue, receiue (saies he) no swaggering companions: there comes none here: you would blesse you to heare what he said: no, Ile no swaggerers.

*Falst.* Hees no swaggrer hostesse, a tame cheter yfaith, you may stroke him as gently as a puppy grey-hound, heele not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turne backe in any shew of resistance, call him vp Drawer.

*Host.* Cheter call you him? I will barre no honest man my house,

*Henry the fourth.*

house, nor no cheter, but I do not loue swaggering by my troth, I am the worse when one saies swagger: feele maisters, how I shake, looke you, I warrant you.

*Tereph.* So you do hostesse.

*Host.* Doe I? yea in very truth doe I, and twere an aspen leafe, I cannot abide swaggrers.

*Enter antient Pistol, and Bardolfes boy.*

*Pistol* God saue you sir Iohn.

*Fal.* Welcome ancient Pistoll, heere Pistoll, I charge you with a cuppe of sacke, do you discharge vpon mine hostesse.

*Pist.* I will discharge vpon her sir Iohn, with two bullets.

*Fal.* she is pistoll prooffe: sir, you shall not hardely offend her.

*Host.* Come, Ile drink no proofes, nor no bullets, Ile drink no more than will do me good, for no mans pleasure, I.

*Pist.* Then, to you mistris Dorothy, I will charge you.

*Doro.* Charge me? I scorne you, scuruy companion: what you poore base rascally cheting lacke-linnen mate? away you mouldie rogue, away, I am meate for your maister.

*Pist.* I know you mistris Dorothy.

*Doro.* Away you cutpurse rascal, you filthy boung, away, by this wine Ile thrust my knife in your mouldie chappes, and you play the sawcie cuttle with me. Away you bottle ale rascal, you basket hilt stale iuggler, you. Since when, I pray you sir: Gods light, with two points on your shoulder? much.

*Pist.* God let me not liue, but I will murder your ruffe for this.

*John.* No more Pistol, I would not haue you go off here, discharge your selfe of our company, Pistoll.

*Host.* No, good captain Pistoll, not here, sweete captain.

*Doro.* Captain, thou abhominable damnd cheter, art thou not ashamed to be called Capitaine? and Capitaines were of my mind, they would trunchion you out, for taking their names vpon you, before you haue earnd them: you a capitaine? you slaue, for what? for teareing a poore whoores ruffe in a bawdy house: hee a capitaine! hang him rogue, he liues vpon mowldy  
stewd



## The second part of

stewd pruns, and dried cakes: a captaine? Gods light these villaines wil make the word as odious as the word occupy, which was an excellent good worde before it was il sorted, therefore captains had neede look too't.

*Bard.* Pray thee go downe good Ancient.

*Falst.* Hearke thee hither mistress Dol.

*Pist.* Not I, I tell thee what corporall Bardolfe, I could teare her, Ile be reuengde of her.

*Boy* Pray thee go downe.

*Pist.* He see her damnd first, to Plutoes damnd lake by this had to th' infernal deep, with erebus & tortures vile also: holde hooke and line, say I: downe, downe dogges, downe faters haue we not Hiren here?

*Host.* Good captaine Peesell be quiet, tis very late yfaith, I beseeke you now aggrauate your choller.

*Pist.* These be good humors indeede, shal pack-horses, and hollow pamperd iades of Asia which cannot goe but thirtie mile a day, compare with Cæsars and with Canibals, and troiant Greekes? nay rather damne them with King Cerberus, and let the Welkin roare, shall we fall foule for toies?

*Host.* By my troth captaine, these are very bitter words.

*Bard.* Be gone good Ancient, this will grow to a brawle anon.

*Pist.* Men like dogges giue crownes like pins, haue we not Hiren here?

*Host.* A my word Captaine, theres none such here, what the goodyear do you thinke I would denie her? for Gods sake be quiet.

*Pist.* Then feed and be fat, my faire Calipolis, come giues some sacke, *si fortune me tormente sperato me contento*, feare we brode sides? no, let the fiend giue fire, giue me some sacke, and sweet hart, lie thou there, come we to ful points here? and are & cæteraes, no things?

*Falst.* Pistol, I would be quiet.

*Pist.* Sweet Knight, I kisse thy neaffe, what, we haue seene the seuen starres.

*Dol.*

## Henry the fourth.

*Dol.* For Gods sake thrust him downe staires, I cannot indure such a fustian rascall.

*Pist.* Thrust him downe staires, know we not Galloway naggess?

*Falst.* Quaite him downe Bardolfe like a shoue-groat shilling, nay, and a doe nothing but speake nothing, a shall be nothing here.

*Bard.* Come, get you downe staires.

*Pist.* What shall we haue incision? shall we imbrow? then death rocke me a sleepe, abridge my dolefull daies: why then let griuons gastly gaping wounds vntwinde the sisters three, come Atropose I say.

*Host.* Heres goodly stufte toward.

*Falst.* Giue me my rapier, boy.

*Dol.* I pray thee Iacke, I pray thee do not drawe.

*Fal.* Get you downe staires.

*Host.* Heres a goodly tumult, ile forswear keeping house afore ile be in these tiritis and frights, so, murder I warant now, alas, alas, put vp your naked weapons, put vp your naked weapons.

*Dol.* I pray thee Iack be quiet, the rascal's gone, ah you horseon little vliant villaine you.

*Host.* Are you not hurte i th' groyne? me thought a made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

*Fal.* Haue you turnd him out a doores?

*Bar.* Yea sir, the rascal's drunke, you haue hurt him sir i th' shoulder.

*Fal.* A rascall to braue me?

*Dol.* A you sweet little rogue you, alas poore ape how thou sweatst, come let me wipe thy face, come on you horseon chops: a rogue, yfaith I loue thee, thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, woorth siue of Agamemnon, & ten times better then the nine Worthies, a villaine!

*Fal.* Ah rascally slaue! I will tossie the rogue in a blanket.

*Dol.* Do and thou darst for thy heart, and thou dost, ile canuas thee betweene a payre of sheetes.

E

Boy.



## The second part of

*Boy* The musique is come sir.

*enter musicke.*

*Fal.* Let them play, play sirs, sit on my knee Doll, a rascall bragging slaue! the rogue fled from me like quicksiluer.

*Dol* Yfaith and thou followd'st him like a church, thou horson little tydee Bartholemew borepigge, when wilt thou leaue fighting a daies and foyning a nights, and begin to patch vp thine old body for heauen.

*Enter Prince and Poynes.*

*Fal* Peace good Doll, do not speake like a deathes head, do not bid me remember mine end.

*Dol* Sirr a, what humour's the prince of?

*Fal.* A good shallow yong fellow, a would haue made a good pantler, a would a chipt bread wel.

*Dol* They say Poynes has a good wit.

*Fal.* He a good wit? hang him baboon, his wit's as thicke as Tewksbury mustard, theres no more conceit in him then is in a mallet.

*Dol* Why does the prince loue him so then?

*Fal.* Because their legges are both of a bignesse, and a plaies at quoutes well, and eates cunger and fennel, and drinks off candles endes for flappe-dragons, and rides the wilde mare with the boyes, and iumpes vpon ioynd-stooles, and sweares with a good grace, and weares his bootes very smoothe like vnto the signe of the Legge, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories, and such other gambole faculties a has that show a weake minde, and an able bodie for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another, the weight of a haire wil turne scales between their haber de poiz.

*Prince* Would not this naue of a wheele haue his eares cut off?

*Poynes* Lets beate him before his whore.

*Prince* Looke where the witherd elder hath not his poule clawd like a parrot.

*Poynes* Is it not strange that desire should so many yeeres out liue performance.

*Falst.* Kisse me Doll.

*Prince*

## Henry the fourth.

*Prince* Saturne and Venus this yeere in coniunction? what saies th' Almanacke to that?

*Poyns* And look whether the fierie Trigon his man be not lipping to his master, old tables, his note booke, his counsel keeper?

*Falst.* Thou dost giue me flattering buffes.

*Dol* By my troth I kisse thee with a most constant heart.

*Falst.* I am old, I am old.

*Dol.* I loue thee better then I loue, ere a scuruy yong boy of them all.

*Fal.* What stuffe wilt haue a kirtle of? I shall receiue mony a thursday, shalt haue a cap to morrow: a merry song, come it growes late, wee to bed, thou't forget me when I am gone.

*Dol* By my troth thou't set me a weeping and thou saist so, proue that euer I dresse my selfe handsome til thy returne, wel hearken a'th end.

*Fal.* Some sacke Francis.

*Prince, Poynes* Anon anon sir.

*Falst.* Ha? a bastard sonne of the Kings? and arte not thou Poynes his brother?

*Prince* Why thou globe of sinfull continents, what a life dost thou leade?

*Falst.* A better then thou, I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

*Prince* Very true sir, and I come to drawe you out by the eares.

*Host.* O the Lord preserue thy grace: by my troth welcom to London, now the Lord blesse that sweete face of thine, O Iesu, are you come from Wales?

*Falst.* Thou horson madde compound of maiestie, by this light, flesh, and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

*Dol* How? you fat foole I scorne you.

*Poynes* My lorde, he will driue you out of your reuenge, and turne all to a meriment if you take not the heate.

*Prince* You horson candlemine you, how vildly did you speake of me now, before this honest, vertuous, ciuill gentlewoman?

E 2

*Host.*



## The second part of

*Hof.* Gods blessing of your good heart, and so she is by my troth.

*Falst.* Didst thou heare me?

*Prince* Yea and you knew me as you did, when you ranne away by Gadshil, you knew I was at your backe, and spoke it, on purpose to trie my patience.

*Falst.* No, no, no, not so, I did not thinke thou wast within hearing.

*Prince* I shall driue you then to confesse the wilfull abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

*Falst.* No abuse Hall a mine honour, no abuse.

*Prince* Not to dispraise me, and cal me pantler and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

*Fal.* No abuse Hall.

*Poynes* No abuse?

*Falst.* No abuse Ned i'th worlde, honest Ned, none, I dispraisde him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in loue with thee: in which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull friend and a true subiect, and thy father is to giue me thanks for it, no abuse Hall, none Ned, none, no faith boyes none.

*Prince* Seenow whether pure feare and intire cowardize, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with vs: is she of the wicked, is thine hostesse here of the wicked, or is thy boy of the wicked, or honest Bardolfe whose zeal burnes in his nose of the wicked?

*Poynes* Answer thou dead elme, answer.

*Falst.* The fiend hath prickt down Bardolfe irrecoverable, and his face is Lucifers priuy kitchen, where he doth nothing but rost mault-worms, for the boy there is a good angel about him, but the diuel blinds him too.

*Prince* For the weomen.

*Falst.* For one of them shees in hell already, and burnes poore soules: for th'other I owe her mony, and whether she be damnd for that I know not.

*Hof*

## Henry the fourth.

*Hof.* No I warrant you.

*Falst.* No I thinke thou art not, I thinke thou art quit for that, mary there is another inditement vpon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

*Hof.* Al vitlars do so, whats a ioynt of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

*Prince* You gentlewoman.

*Dol.* What saies your grace?

*Fal.* His grace saies that which his flesh rebels against.

*Peyto knockes at doore.*

*Hof.* Who knockes so lowd at doore? looke too'th doore there Francis.

*Prince* Peyto, how now, what newes?

*Peyto* The King your father is at Weiminster, And there are twenty weake and wearied postes, Come from the North, and as I came along I met and ouertooke a dozen captaines, Bareheaded, sweating, knocking at the Tauernes, And asking euery one for sir Iohn Falstaffe.

*Prince* By heauen Poynes, I feele me much too blame, So idely to prophane the precious time, When tempest of commotion like the south, Borne with blacke vapour, doth begin to melt, And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads, Giue me my sword and cloke: Falstaffe, good night.

*Exeunt Prince and Poynes.*

*Fal.* Now comes in the sweetest morsell of the night, & we must hence and leaue it vnpickt: more knocking at the doore? how now, whats the matter?

E 3

Bar.



## The second part of

*Bar.* You must away to court sir presently,  
A dozen captaines stay at doore for you.

*Fal.* Pay the musitians sirra, farewell hostesse, farewell Dol,  
you see (my good wenches) how men of merit are sought af-  
ter, the vnderferuer may sleepe, when the man of action is calld  
on, farewell good wenches, if I bee not sent away poste, I will  
see you againe ere I goe.

*Dol.* I cannot speake: if my heart be not ready to burst: wel  
sweete Iacke haue a care of thy selfe.

*Fal.* Farewell, farewell.

*Host.* Well, fare thee well, I haue knowne thee these twenty  
nine yeares, come peace-cod time, but an honeste, and truer  
hearted man: wel, fare thee wel.

*Bard.* Mistris Tere-sheete.

*Host.* Whats the matter?

*Bard.* Bid mistris Tere-sheete come to my master.

*Host.* O runne Doll, runne, runne good Doll, come, she  
comes blubberd, yea! will you come Doll?

*exunt.*

*Enter the King in his night-gowne  
alone.*

*King* Go call the Earles of Surrey and of War.  
But ere they come, bid them o're-reade these letters,  
And well consider of them, make good speed.  
How many thousand of my poorest subiects,  
Are at this howre asleepe? ô sleepe! ô gentle sleep!  
Natures soft nurse, how haue I frighted thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-liddes downe,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulnesse,  
Why rather sleepe liest thou in smoaky cribbes,  
Vpon vneasie pallets stretching thee,  
And hush't with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,  
Then in the perfumde chambers of the great,

*Vnder*

## Henry the fourth.

Vnder the canopies of costly state,  
And lulld with sound of sweetest melody?  
O thou dull god, why li'st thou with the vile  
In lothsome beds, and leauest the kingly couch,  
A watch-case, or a common larum bell?  
Wilt thou vpon the high and giddy masse,  
Seale vp the ship-boies eies, and rocke his braines,  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,  
And in the visitation of the winds,  
Who take the ruffian billowes by the top,  
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
VVith deaffing clamour in the slippery clouds,  
That with the hurly death it selfe awakes?  
Canst thou, ô partiall sleepe, giue them repose,  
To the wet season in an howre so rude,  
And in the calmest, and most stillest night,  
VVith al appliances and meanes to boote,  
Deny it to a King? then (happy) low lie downe,  
Vneasie lies the head that weares a crowne.

*Enter Warlike, Surry, and sir Iohn  
Blunt.*

*War.* Many good morrowes to your maiestie.

*King* Is it good morrow lords?

*War.* Tis one a clocke, and past.

*King* VVhy then good morrow to you all my lords.  
Haue you read ore the letter that I sent you?

*War.* VVe haue my liege.

*King* Then you perceine the body of our kingdome,  
How foule it is, what rancke diseases grow,  
And with what danger neare the heart of it.

*War.* It is but as a body yet distempered,  
VVhich to his former strength may be restored,  
VVith good aduise and little medicine,

*E 4*

*My*



*The second part of*

My Lord Northumberland wil soone be coold.

*King* O God that one might reade the booke of fate,  
And see the reuolution of the times,  
Make mountaines leuell, and the continent  
Weary of solide firmenesse melt it selfe  
Into the sea, and other times to see,  
The beachie girdle of the ocean,  
Too wide for Neptunes hips, how chanches mockes,  
And changes fill the cup of alteration,  
With diuers liquors! O if this were seene,  
The happiest youth viewing his progresse through,  
What perills past, what crosses to ensue?  
Would shut the booke and sit him downe and die:  
Tis not ten yeeres gone,  
Since Richard and Northumberland great friends,  
Did feast together, and in two yeare after,  
Were they at warres: it is but eight yeares since,  
This Percie was the man neerest my soule,  
Who like a brother toyld in my affaires;  
And laied his loue and life vnder my foote,  
Yea for my sake, euen to the eyes of Richard,  
Gaue him defyaunce: but which of you was by?  
You cousen Neuel, (as I may remember)  
When Richard with his eye-brimme full of teares,  
Then checkt and rated by Northumberland,  
Did speake these wordes now proou'd a prophecie:  
Northumberland, thou ladder by the which  
My cousen Bolingbrooke ascends my throne,  
(Though then (God knowes) I had no such intent,  
But that necessitie so bowed the state,  
That I and greatnesse were compeld to kisse.)  
The time shall come, thus did he follow it,  
The time wil come, that foule sin gathering head,  
Shall breake into corruption: so went on,  
Fortelling this same times condition,

And

*Henry the fourth.*

And the deuision of our amitie.

*War.* There is a historie in all mens liues,  
Figuring the natures of the times deceast:  
The which obseru'd, a man may prophecie,  
With a neere ayne of the maine chance of things,  
As yet not come to life, who in their seedes,  
And weake beginning lie intreaured:  
Such thinges become the hatch and broode of time,  
And by the necessary forme of this,  
King Richard might create a perfect guesse,  
That great Northumberland then falle to him,  
Would of that seede growe to a greater falsenesse,  
Which should not find a ground to roote vpon  
Vnlesse on you.

*King.* Are these thinges then necessities,  
Then let vs meet them like necessities,  
And that same word euen now cries out on vs:  
They say the Bishop and Northumberland,  
Are fiftie thousand strong.

*War.* It cannot be my Lord,  
Rumour doth double like the voice, and eccho  
The numbers of the feared, please it your grace,  
To go to bedde: vpon my soule, my Lord,  
The Powers that you already haue sent forth,  
Shall bring this prise in very easly:  
To comfort you the more, I haue receiued,  
A certain instance that Glendour is dead:  
Your Maiestie hath beene this fortnight ill,  
And these vnseasoned howers perforce must adde  
Vnto your sicknesse.

*King.* I will take your counsaile,  
And were these inward warres once out of hand,  
We would (deare Lords) vnto the holy land.

*Enter Iustice Shallow, and Iustice*

*Silence.*

E 5

*exeunt*

*Shal.*



## *The second part of*

*Shallow* Come on, come on, come on sir, giue me your hand sir, giue me your hand sir, an early stirrer, by the Rood: and how dooth my good cosin Silens?

*Silens* Good morrow good cosin Shallow.

*Shallow* And how dooth my cosin your bed-fellowe? and your fayrest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

*Silens* Alas, a blacke woosel, cosin Shallow.

*Shallow* By yea, and no sir: I dare saye my cosin William is become a good scholler, he is at Oxford still, is hee not?

*Silens* Indeede sir to my cost.

*Shallow* A must then to the Innes a court shortly: I was once of Clements Inne, where I thinke they will talke of mad Shallow yet.

*Silens* You were cald Lusty Shallow then, cosin.

*Shallow* By the masse I was cald any thing, and I would haue done any thing indeed too, and roundly too: there was I, and little John Doyt of Stafford-shire, and Blacke George Barnes, and Francis Picke-bone, and Will Squele a Cottole man, you had not foure such swinge-bucklers in at the Innes a court againe: and I may say to you, we knew where the bona robes were, and had the best of them all at commaundement: then was Iacke Falstaffe (now sir Iohn) a boy, and Page to Thomas Mowbray duke of Norffolke.

*Silens* Cosin, this sir Iohn that comes hither anone about souldiers?

*Shall.* The same (sir Iohn) the very same, I see him breake Skoggins head at the Court gate, when a was a Cracke, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Samson Stockefish a Fruiterer behinde Greyes Inne: Iesu, Iesu, the mad dayes that I haue spent: and to see how many of my olde acquaintance are dead.

*Silens* We shall all follow, cosin.

*Shal.* Certaine, tis certaine, very sure, very sure, death (as the

*Psalmist*

## *Henry the fourth.*

*Psalmist* faith) is certaine to all, all shall die. How a good yoke of bullockes at Samforth faire?

*Silens* By my troth I was not there.

*Shal.* Death is certaine: Is olde Dooble of your towne liuing yet?

*Silens* Dead sir.

*Shal.* Iesu, Iesu, dead! a drew a good bow, and dead! a shot a fine shoote: Iohn a Gaunt loued him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! a would haue clapt ith clowt at twelue score, and caried you a forehand thast a foureteene and foureteene and a halfe, that it would haue doone a mans heart good to see. How a score of Ewes now?

*Silens* Thereafter as they be, a score of good Ewes may be worth tenne pounds.

*Shal.* And is olde Dooble dead?

*Silens* Heere come twoo of sir Iohn Falstaffes men, as I thinke.

*Enter Bardolfe, and one with him.*

Good morrow honest gentlemen.

*Bard.* I beseech you, which is Iustice Shallow?

*Shall.* I am Robert Shallow sir, a poore Esquire of this Countie, and one of the Kings Iustices of the Peace: what is your pleasure with me?

*Bard.* My Captaine, sir, commends him to you, my Captaine sir Iohn Falstaffe, a tall gentleman, by heauen, and a most gallant Leader.

*Shall.* He greets me wel, sir, I knew him a good backsword man: how doth the good knight? may I aske how my Ladie his wife doth?

*Bar.* Sir, pardon, a fouldiour is better accomodate than with a wife.

*Shallow* It is well sayde in faith sir, and it is well sayde indeede too, better accommodated, it is good, yea in deede is it,



## The second part of

it, good phrases, are surely, and euer were, very commendable, accommodated: it comes of *accommodo*, very good, a good phrase.

*Bardolfe* Pardon me sir. I haue heard the worde, phrase call you it? by this good day, I knowe not the phrase, but I will mayntayne the worde with my sworde, to bee a soul-diour-like word, and a worde of exceeding good command, by heauen: accommodated, that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated, or when a man is, beeing whereby, a may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

*Enter sir Iohn Falstaffe.*

*Iust.* It is very iust: looke, here comes good sir Iohn, giue me your good hand, giue mee your worshippes good hand, by my troth you like well, and beare your yeeres very well, welcome good sir Iohn.

*Fal.* I am glad to see you well, good maister Robert Shallow, maister Soccord (as I thinke.)

*Shal.* No sir Iohn, it is my coosin Silens, in commission with me.

*Falst.* Good maister Silens, it well befits you should be of the Peace.

*Silens* Your good worship is welcome.

*Falst.* Fie, this is hot weather (gentlemen) haue you provided me heere halfe a dozen sufficient men?

*Shal.* Mary haue we sir, will you sit?

*Falst.* Let me see them: beseech you.

*Shal.* Wheres the rowle? wheres the rowle? wheres the rowle? let me see, let me see, so, so, so, so, so, so, so, so, yea mary sir, Rafe Mouldy, let them appeere as I call, let them do so, let the do so, let me see, where is Mouldy?

*Mouldy* Here and it please you.

*Sba.* What think you sir Iohn, a good limbd fellow, yong, strong,

## Henry the fourth.

strong, and of good friends.

*Fal.* Is thy name Mouldie?

*Moul.* Yea, and t please you.

*Fal.* Tis the more time thou wert vsde.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha, most excellent yfaith, things that are mouldy lacke vs: very singular good, infaith well said sir Iohn, very well said.

*Iohn prickes him.*

*Moul.* I was prickt wel enough before, and you could haue let me alone, my old dame will be vndone now for one to doe her husbandrie, and her drudgery, you need not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to go out then I.

*Fal.* Go to, peace Mouldy, you shall go, Mouldy it is time you were spent.

*Moul.* Spent?

*Shal.* Peace fellow, peace, stand aside, know you where you are: for th' other sir Iohn: let me see Simon Shadow.

*Fal.* Yea mary, let me haue him to sit vnder, hees like to be a cold soldiour.

*Shal.* Wheres Shadow?

*Shad.* Here sir.

*Fal.* Shadow, whose sonne art thou?

*Shad.* My mothers sonne sir.

*Fal.* Thy mothers sonne like enough, and thy fathers shadow, so the sonne of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so indeede, but much of the fathers substance.

*Shal.* Do you like him sir Iohn?

*Fal.* Shadow wil serue for summer, pricke him, for we haue a number of shadowes, fill vp the muster booke.

*Shal.* Thomas Wart,

*Fal.* Wheres he?

*Wart* Here sir.

*Fal.* Is thy name Wart?

*Wart* Yea sir.

*Fal.* Thou art a very ragged wart.

*Shal.* Shall I pricke him sir Iohn?

*Fal.* It were superfluous, for apparell is built vpon his back,

F

and



## The second part of

and the whole frame stands vpon pins, pricke him no more.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha, you can do it sir, you can do it, I commend you well: Francis Feeble.

*Feeble* Here sir.

*Shal.* What trade art thou Feeble?

*Feeble* A womans tailer sir.

*Shal.* Shall I pricke him sir?

*Fal.* You may, but if he had bin a mans tailer hee'd a prickt you: wilt thou make as manie holes in an enemies battaile, as thou hast done in a womans peticoate.

*Feeble* I will do my good will sir, you can haue no more.

*Fal.* Well faide good womans tailer, well faide couragious Feeble, thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathfull doue, or most magnanimous mouse, pricke the womans tailer: wel M. Shallow, deepe M. Shallow.

*Feeble* I would Wart might haue gone sir.

*Fal.* I would thou wert a mans tailer, that thou mightst mend him and make him fit to goe, I cannot put him to a priuate souldier, that is the leader of so many thousands, let that suffice most forcible Feeble.

*Feeble* It shall suffice sir.

*Fal.* I am bound to thee reuerend Feeble, who is next?

*Shal.* Peter Bul-calfe o'th greene.

*Fal.* Yea mary, lets see Bul-calfe.

*Bul.* Here sir. (roare againe.

*Fal.* Fore God a likely fellow, come pricke Bul-calfe til hee

*Bul.* O Lord, good my lord captaine.

*Falst.* What, dost thou roare before thou art prickt?

*Bul.* O Lord sir, I am a diseased man.

*Fal.* What disease hast thou?

*Bul.* A horson cold sir, a cough sir, which I caught with ringing in the Kings affaires vpon his coronation day sir.

*Fal.* Come, thou shalt go to the warres in a gowne, we will haue away thy cold, and I will take such order that thy friendes shal ring for thee. Is here all?

*Shal.* Here is two more cald then your number, you must haue

## Henry the fourth.

haue but foure here sir, and so I pray you goe in with mee to dinner.

*Fa.* Come, I wil go drink with you, but I canot tary dinner: I am glad to see you, by my troth master Shallow.

*Shal.* O sir Iohn, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmil in faint Georges field?

*Fal.* No more of that master Shallow.

*Shal.* Ha, twas a merry night, and is lane Night-worke alive?

*Falst.* She liues master Shallow.

*Shal.* She neuer could away with me.

*Fa.* Neuer neuer, she wold alwaies say, she could not abide master Shallow.

*Sha.* By the masse I could anger her too'th heart, she was then a *bona roba*, doth she hold her owne wel?

*Fal.* Old old master Shallow.

*Shal.* Nay she must be old, she cannot chuse but be old, certain shees old, & had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clements inne.

*Scilens* Thats fiftie fine yeare ago.

*Shal.* Ha cousin Scilens that thou hadst seene that that this Knight and I haue seene, ha sir Iohn, said I wel?

*Fal.* We haue heard the chimes at midnight M. Shallow.

*Sha.* That we haue, that we haue, that we haue, in faith sir Iohn we haue, our watch-worde was Hemboies, come lets to dinner, come lets to dinner, Iesus the daies that wee haue seene, come, come.

*exunt.*

*Bul.* Good maister corporate Bardolfe, stand my friend, & heres foure Harry ten shillings in french crowns for you, in very truth sir, I had as liue be hangd sir as go, and yet for mine owne part sir I do not care, but rather because I am vnwilling, and for mine owne part haue a desire to stay with my friends, else sir I did not care for mine owne part so much.

*Bard.* Go to, stand aside.

*Moul.* And good M. corporall captaine, for my old dames sake stand my friend, she has no body to doe any thing about

F 2

her



## The second part of

her when I am gone, and she is old and cannot helpe her selfe,  
you shall haue forty sir.

*Bar.* Go to, stand aside.

*Feeble* By my troth I care not, a man can die but once, we  
owe God a death, ile nere beare a base mind, and't beec my  
destiny: so, and't be not, so, no man's too good to serue's prince,  
and let it go which way it will, he that dies this yeere is quit for  
the next.

*Bar* Well said, th'art a good fellow.

*Feeble* Faith ile beare no base mind.

*Enter Falstaffe and the Iustices.*

*Fal.* Come sir, which men shall I haue?

*Shal.* Foure of which you please.

*Bar* Sir, a word with you, I haue three pound to free Moul-  
dy and Bulcalfe.

*Fal.* Go to, well.

*Shal.* Come sir Iohn, which foure wil you haue?

*Fal.* Do you chuse for me.

*Shal.* Mary then, Mouldy, Bulcalfe, Feeble, and Sadow.

*Fal.* Mouldy and Bulcalfe, for you Mouldy stay at home, til  
you are past seruice: and for your part Bulcalfe, grow til you  
come vnto it, I will none of you.

*Shal.* Sir Iohn, sir Iohn, doe not your selfe wrong, they are  
your likeliest men, and I would haue you serude with the  
best.

*Fal.* Wil you tel me (master Shallow) how to chuse a man?  
care I for the limbe, the thewes, the stature, bulke and big af-  
semblance of a man: giue me the spirit M. Shallow: heres Wart,  
you see what a ragged apparance it is, a shall charge you, and  
discharge you with the motion of a pewterers hammer, come  
off and on swifter then he that gibbets on the brewers buckets:  
and this same halfe facde fellow Shadow, giue me this man, he  
presents no marke to the enemy, the so-man may with as great  
aime leuel at the edge of a pen-knife, and for a retraite how  
swiftly wil this Feeble the womans Tailer runne off? O giue  
mee the spare men, and spare me the great ones, putte mee a  
caliuer:

## Henry the fourth.

caliuer into Warts hand Bardolfe.

*Bar.* Hold Wart, trauers thas, thas, thas.

*Fal.* Come mannage me your caliuer: so, very wel, go to, very  
good, exceeding good, O giue me alwaies a little leane, olde  
chopt Balde, shot: well said yfaith Wart, th'art a good scab,  
hold, theres a tester for thee.

*Shal.* He is not his crafts-master, he doth not do it right: I  
remember at Mile-end-greene, when I lay at Clements Inne,  
I was then sir Dagonet in Arthurs show, there was a little  
quiuer fellow, and a would mannage you his peece thus, and a  
would about and about, and come you in, and come you in,  
rah, tah, tah, would a say, bounce would a say, and away again  
would a go, and againe would a come: I shall nere see such a  
fellow.

*Fal.* These fellowes wooll doe well M. Shallow, God keep  
you M. Scilens, I will not vse many words with you, fare you  
wel gentlemen both, I thank you, I must a dosen mile to night:  
Bardolfe, giue the souldiers coates.

*Shal.* Sir Iohn, the Lord blesse you, God prosper your af-  
fares, God send vs peace at your returne, visit our house, let  
our old acquaintance be renewed, peradventure I will with ye  
to the court.

*Fal.* Fore God would you would.

*Shal.* Go to, I haue spoke at a word, God keep you.

*Fal.* Fare you well gentle gentlemen.

*Shal.* On Bardolfe, leade the men away, as I returne I will  
fetch off these iustices, I do see the bottome of iustice Shallow,  
Lord, Lord, how subiect we old men are to this vice of lying,  
this same stur'd iustice hath done nothing but prate to me,  
of the wildnesse of his youth, and the feates he hath done a-  
bout Turne-bull street, and euery third word a lie, dewer paid  
to the hearer then the Turkes tribute, I doe remember him  
at Clements Inne, like a man made after supper of a cheefe pa-  
ring, when a was naked, he was for all the worlde like a fork  
reddish with a head fantastickly carued vpon it with a knife,  
a was so forlorne, that his demensions to any thicke fight were



## The second part of

invincible, a was the very genius of famine, yet lecherous as a monkie, & the whores cald him mandrake, a came ouer in the rereward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the ouerschutcht hufwiues, that he heard the Car-men whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights, and now is this vices dagger become a squire, and talkes as familiarly of Iohn a Gaunt, as if he had bin sworne brother to him, and ile be sworn a nere saw him but once in the tylt-yard, and then he burst his head for crowding among the Marshalles men, I saw it, and told Iohn a Gaunt he beate his owne naime, for you might haue thrust him and all his aparell into an eeleskin, the case of a treble hoboy was a mansion for him a Court, and now has he land and beefes. Well, ile be acquainted with him if I returne, and t' shal go hard, but ile make him a philosophers two stones to me, if the yong Dafe be a baite for the old Pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him, till Time shape, and there an end.

*Enter the Archbishop, Mowbray, Bardolfe, Hastings, within the Forrest of Gaultree.*

*Bish.* What is this Forrest calld?

*Hast.* Tis Gaultree Forrest, and t' shal please your grace.

*Bishop* Here stand, my lords, and send discouersers forth, To know the numbers of our enemies:

*Hastings* We haue sent forth already.

*Bishop* Tis well done,

My friends and brethren (in these great affaires)  
I must acquaint you, that I haue receiu'd  
New dated letters from Northumberland,  
Their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus:  
Here doth he with his person, with such powers,  
As might hold fortance with his qualitie,  
The which he could not leuy: whereupon  
He is retirde to ripe his growing fortunes,  
To Scotland, and concludes in hearty prayers,  
That your attempts may ouer-lie the hazard  
And fearefull meeting of their opposite.

*Mowb.*

## Henry the fourth.

*Mowb.* Thus do the hopes we haue in him, touch ground,  
And dash themselues to peeces. *Enter messenger*

*Hastings* Now, what newes?

*Messenger* West of this Forrest, scarcely off a mile,  
In goodly forme comes on the enemy,  
And by the ground they hide, I iudge their number  
Vpon, or neere the rate of thirty thousand.

*Mowbray* The iust proportion that we gaue them out,  
Let vs sway on, and face them in the field.

*Bishop* What wel appointed Leader fronts vs heere?

*Enter Westmerland*

*Mowbray* I thinke it is my lord of Westmerland.

*West.* Health and faire greeting from our Generall,  
The princelord Iohn and duke of Lancaster.

*Bishop* Say on my lord of V Westmerland in peace,  
V What doth concerne your comming?

*We.* Then my L. vnto your Grace do I in chiefe addresse  
The substance of my speech: if that rebellion  
Came like it selfe, in base and abiect rowtes,  
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,  
And countenaunst by boyes and beggary.  
I say, if damnd commotion so appeare,  
In his true, natiue, and most proper shape,  
You, reuerend father, and these noble Lordes,  
Had not beene heere to dresse the owgly forme  
Of base and bloody Insurrection  
With your faire Honours. You (lord Archbishop)  
Whose Sea is by a ciuile peace maintaine,  
Whose beard the siluer hand of Peace hath toucht,  
Whose learning and good letters Peace hath tutord,  
Whose white inuestments figure innocence,  
The Doue, and very blessed spirite of peace.  
Wherefore do you so ill translate your selfe  
Out of the speech of peace that beares such grace,  
Into the harsh and boystrous tongue of warre?  
Turning your bookes to graues, your incke to bloud,

*You*



## The second part of

her when I am gone, and she is old and cannot helpe her selfe,  
you shall haue forty sir.

*Bar.* Go to, stand aside.

*Feeble* By my troth I care not, a man can die but once, we  
owe God a death, ile nere beare a base mind, and't beec my  
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reddish with a head fantastickly carued vpon it with a knife,  
a was so forlorne, that his demensions to any thicke fight were



*The second part of*

*Mow.* There is a thing within my bosome tells me  
That no conditions of our peace can stand.  
*Hastings.* Feare you not, that if we can make our peace,  
Vpon such large termes, and so absolute,  
As our conditions shall consist vpon,  
Our peace shall stand as firme as rockie mountaines.  
*Mowb.* Yea but our valuation shal be such,  
That euery slight, and false deriued cause,  
Yea euery idle, nice, and wanton reason,  
Shall to the King taste of this action,  
That were our royal faiths martires in loue,  
We shall be winow'd with so rough a wind,  
That euen our corne shal seeme as light as chaffe,  
And good from bad find no partition.  
*Bish.* No, no, my lord, note this, the King is weary  
Of daintie and such picking greeuances,  
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,  
Reuiues two greater in the heires of life:  
And therefore will he wipe his tables cleane,  
And keepe no tel. tale to his memorie,  
That may repeate, and history his losse,  
To new remembrance: for full wel he knowes,  
He cannot so precisely weed this land,  
As his misdoubts present occasion,  
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,  
That plucking to vnfix an enemy,  
He doth vnfasten so, and shake a friend,  
So that this land, like an offensive wife,  
That hath enragde him on to offer strokes,  
As he is striking, holdes his infant vp,  
And hangs resolu'd correction in the arme,  
That was vpreard to execution.  
*Hast.* Besides, the King hath wasted al his rods,  
On late offenders, that he now doth lacke  
The very instruments of chastisement.  
So that his power, like to a phangleffe lion,

May

*Henry the fourth.*

May offer, but not hold.  
*Bishop.* Tis very true,  
And therefore be assurde, my good Lord Marshall,  
If we do now make our attonement well,  
Our peace wil like a broken limbe vnited,  
Grow stronger for the breaking.  
*Mow.* Be it so, here is returnd my lord of Westmerland.

*Enter Westmerland.*

*West.* The prince is here at hand, pleaseth your Lordship  
To meet his grace iust distance twene our armies.

*Enter Prince Iohn and his armie.*

*Mow.* Your grace of York, in Gods name then set forward.

*Bishop.* Before, and greete his grace (my lord) we come.

*John.* You are well incountred here, my cousen Mowbray,  
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop,  
And so to you Lord Hastings, and to all.  
My Lord of Yorke, it better shewed with you,  
When that your flocke assembled by the bell,  
Encircled you, to heare with reuerence,  
Your exposition on the holy text,  
That now to see you here, an yron man talking,  
Cheering a rowt of rebells with your drumme,  
Turning the word to sword, and life to death:  
That man that sits within a monarches heart,  
And ripens in the sun-shine of his fauor,  
Would he abuse the countenance of the King:  
Alacke what mischeefes might he set abroad,  
In shadow of such greatnesse? with you Lord bishop  
It is euen so, who hath not heard it spoken,  
How deepe you were within the bookes of God,  
To vs the speaker in his parliament,  
To vs th' imagine voice of God himselfe,  
The very opener and intelligencer,  
Betweene the grace, the sanctities of heauen,  
And our dull workings? O who shal beleue,  
But you misuse the reuerence of your place,

G 2

Imply



*The second part of*

Imply the countenance and grace of heau'n;  
As a false fauorite doth his princes name:  
In deedes dishonorable you haue tane vp,  
Vnder the counterfeited zeale of God,  
The subiects of his substitute my father,  
And both against the peace of heauen and him,  
Haue here vpswarmd them.

*Bishop* Good my Lord of Lancaster,  
I am not here against your fathers peace,  
But as I told my lord of Westmerland,  
The time misfordred doth in common sense,  
Crowd vs and crush vs to this monstrous forme,  
To hold our safety vp: I sent your grace,  
The parcells and particulars of our griefe,  
The which hath beene with scorne shoued from the court,  
Whereon this Hydra, sonne of warre is borne,  
Whose dangerous eies may well be charmd asleepe,  
With graunt of our most iust, and right desires,  
And true obedience of this madnes cured,  
Stoope tamely to the foote of maiestie.

*Mow.* If not, we ready are to trie our fortunes,  
To the last man.

*Hast.* And though we here fal downe,  
We haue supplies to second our attempt,  
If they miscarry, theirs shal second them,  
And so successe of mischief shall be borne,  
And heire from heire shall hold his quarrell vp,  
Whiles England shall haue generation.

*Prince* You are too shallow Hastings, much too shallow,  
To sound the bottome of the after times.

*West.* Pleaseth your grace to answere them directly,  
How far forth you do like their articles.

*Prince* I like them all, and do allow them well,  
And sweare here by the honour of my bloud,  
My fathers purposes haue beene mistooke,  
And some about him haue too lauishly,

Wrested

*Henry the fourth.*

Wrested his meaning and authority.  
My Lord, these griefes shall be with speed redrest,  
Vppon my soule they shal, if this may please you,  
Discharge your powers vnto their seuerall counties,  
As we will ours, and here betweene the armies,  
Lets drinke together friendly and embrace,  
That all their eies may beate those tokens home,  
Of our restored loue and amitie.

*Bishop* I take your princely word for these redresses,  
I giue it you, and will maintaine my word,  
And therevpon I drinke vnto your grace.

*Prince* Go Captaine, and deliuer to the armie  
This newes of peace, let them haue pay, and part.  
I know it will well please them, hie thee captaine.

*Bishop* To you my noble lord of Westmerland.  
*West.* I pledge your grace, and if you knew what paines,  
I haue bestowed to breed this present peace,  
You would drinke freely, but my loue to ye  
Shall shew it selfe more openly hereafter.

*Bishop* I do not doubt you.  
*West.* I am glad of it,  
Health to my Lord, and gentle cosin Mowbray.

*Mow.* You wish me health in very happy season,  
For I am on the sodaine something ill.

*Bishop* Against ill chaunces men are euer mery,  
But heauinesse fore-runnes the good euent.

*West.* Therefore be mery coze, since sodaine sorrow  
Serues to say thus, some good thing comes to morow.

*Bishop* Beleeue me I am passing light in spirit.

*Mow.* So much the worse if your owne rule be true.

*Prin.* The word of peace is rendred, heark how they shewt.

*Mow.* This had bin cheerefull after victory.

*Bishop* A peace is of the nature of a conquest,  
For then both parties nobly are subdued,  
And neither party looser.

*Prince* Go my lord,

G 3

And



*The second part of*

And let our army be discharged too,  
And, good my lord, so please you, let our traines  
March by vs, that we may peruse the men,  
VVe should haue coap't withall.

*Bishop* Go, good Lord Hastings,  
And ere they be dismist, let them march by. *enter Westmerland.*

*Prince* I trust Lords we shal lie to night together:  
Now coosin, wherefore stands our army stil?

*West.* The Leaders hauing charge from you to stand,  
Wil not goe off vntil they heare you speake.

*Prince* They know their dуетies.

*Hastings* My lord, our army is disperst already,  
Like youthfull steeres vnyoakt they take their courses,  
East, west, north, south, or like a schoole broke vp,  
Each hurries toward his home, and sporting place.

*West.* Good tidings my lord Hastings, for the which  
I do arest thee traitor of high treason,  
And you lord Archbishop, and you lord Mowbray,  
Of capitall treason I attach you both.

*Mowbray* Is this proceeding iust and honorable?

*West.* Is your assembly so?

*Bishop* will you thus breake your faith?

*Prince* I pawnde thee none,

I promist you redresse of these same grieuances  
Whereof you did complaine, which by mine honour  
I will performe, with a most christian care.  
But for you rebels, looke to taste the due  
Meete for rebellion:

Most shallowly did you these armes commence,  
Fondly brought heere, and foolishly sent hence.  
Strike vp our drummes, pursue the scattred stray:  
God, and not we, hath safely fought to day:  
Some guard this traitour to the blocke of death,  
Treasons true bed, and yeelder vp of breath.

*Alarum*

*Enter Falstaffe*

*excursions*

*Fal.* whats your name sir, of what condition are you, and  
of

*Henry the fourth.*

of what place?

*Cole.* I am a Knight sir, and my name is Coleuile of the  
Dale.

*Fal.* well then, Colleuile is your name, a Knight is your de-  
gree, and your place the dale: Coleuile shalbe still your name,  
a traitor your degree, & the dungeon your place, a place deep  
enough, so shall you be stil Colleuile of the Dale.

*Colle.* Are not you sir Iohn Falstaffe?

*Fal.* As good a man as he sir, who ere I am: doe ye yeelde  
sir, or shall I sweat for you? if I doe sweate, they are the drops  
of thy louers, and they weepe for thy death, therefore rowze  
vp feare and trembling, and do obseruance to my mercie.

*Colle.* I think you are sir Iohn Falstaffe, and in that thought  
yeelde me.

*Fal.* I haue a whole schoole of tongs in this belly of mine,  
and not a tongue of them all speakes any other word but my  
name, and I had but a belly of any indifferencie, I were simply  
the most actiue fellow in Europe: my womb, my wombe, my  
womb vndoes me, heere comes our Generall.

*Enter Iohn Westmerland, and the rest.*

*Retraue*

*Iohn* The heate is past, follow no further now,  
Call in the powers good coosin Westmerland.  
Now Falstaffe, where haue you beene all this while?  
VWhen euery thing is ended, then you come:  
These tardy trickes of yours wil on my life  
One time or other breake some gallowes backe.

*Fal.* I would bee fory my lord, but it shoulde bee thus: I  
neuer knew yet but Rebuke and Checke, was the rewarde of  
Valor: do you thinke me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? haue  
I in my poore and old motion the expedition of thought? I  
haue speeded hither with the very extreamest inch of possibi-  
lity, I haue foundred ninescore and od postes, and here trauell  
tainted as I am, haue in my pure and immaculate valour, ta-  
ken sir Iohn Colleuile of the Dale, a most furious Knight and  
valorous enemy, : but what of that? he sawe me, and yeilded,  
that I may iustly say with the hooke-nosde fellow of Rome,  
their



## The second part of

there cosin, I came, saw, and ouercame.

*John* It was more of his criteise then your deseruing.

*Falst.* I know not, here he is, and here I yeeld him, and I beseech your grace let it be booke with the rest of this daies deedes, or by the Lord, I will haue it in a particular ballad else, with mine owne picture on the top on't, (Coleuile kissing my foote) to the which couise, if I bee enforst, if you doe not all shew like guilt twoo pences to mee, and I in the cleere skie of Fame, ore-shine you as much as the full moone doth the cindars of the element, (which shew like pinnes heads to her) beleue not the worde of the noble: therefore let me haue right, and let Desert mount.

*Prince* Thine's too heauy to mount.

*Falst.* Let it shine then.

*Prince* Thines too thicke to shine.

*Falst.* Let it do some thing, my good lord, that may doe me good, and call it what you will.

*Prince* Is thy name Colleuile?

*Col.* It is my Lord.

*Prince* A famous rebell art thou Colleuile.

*Falst.* And a famous true subiect tooke him.

*Col.* I am my lord but as my betters are,  
That led me hither, had they bin rulde by me,  
You should haue wonne them deerer then you haue.

*Fal.* I know not how they sold themselues, but thou like a kind fellow gauest thy selfe away gratis, and I thanke thee for thee.

*enter Westmerland.*

*Prince* Now, haue you left pursuit?

*West.* Retraite is made, and execution stayd.

*Prince* Send Colleuile with his confederates  
To Yorke, to present execution,  
Blunt leade him hence, and see you guard him sure.

And now dispatch we toward the court my lordes;

I heare the King my father is sore sick,

Our newes shall go before vs to his maiestie;

Which cosin you shall beare to comfort him,

And

## Henry the fourth.

And we with sober speede will follow you.

*Falst.* My Lord, I beseech you giue me leaue to go through Glostershire, and when you come to court, stand my good lord in your good report.

*Prince* Fare you wel Falstaffe, I, in my condition, shal better speake of you then you deserue.

*Fal.* I would you had the wit, twere better than your dukedom, good faith this same yong sober bloued boy doth not loue me, nor a mā canot make him laugh, but thats no maruel, he drinkes no wine, theres neuer none of these demure boyes come to any prooffe, for thin drinke doth so ouer-coole theyr blood, and making many fish meales, that they fall into a kind of male greene sicknes, and then when they marry, they gette wenches, they are generally fooles and cowards, which some of vs should be too, but for inflammation: a good sherris sacke hath a two fold operation in it, it ascendes mee into the braine, dries me there all the foolish, and dull and crudy vapors which enuiron it, makes it apprehensue, quicke, forgetiue, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes, which deliuered ore to the voyce, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris, is the warming of the blood, which before (cold & setled,) left the lyuer white & pale, which is the badge of puslanimitie and cowardize: but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the partes extreames, it illumineth the face, which as a beakon, giues warning to al the rest of this little kingdom man to arme, and then the vitall commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captaine, the heart: who great and pufft vp with this retinew, doth any deed of courage: and this valour comes of sherris, so that skill in the weapon is nothing without sacke (for that sets it aworke) and learning a meere whoord of gold kept by a diuell, till sacke commences it, and sets it in act and vse. Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant, for the cold blood he did naturally inherite of his father, he hath like leane, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded and tilled, with excellent endeuour of drinking good

H

and



## The second part of

and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hote and valiant. If I had a thousand sonnes, the first humane principle I would teach them, should be, to forswear thin potations, and to addiect themselves to sacke. How now Bardolfe?

*Enter Bardolfe.*

*Bar.* The army is discharged all, and gone.

*Fal.* Let them goe, ile through Glostershire, and there will I visit M. Robert Shallow Esquire, I haue him already tempting betweene my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seale with him, come away.

*Enter the King, Warwike, Kent, Thomas duke of Clarence, Humphrey of Gloucester.*

*King* Now lords, if God doth giue successfull end, To this debate that bleedeth at our doores, We will our youth leade on to higher fields, And draw no swords but what are sanctified: Our nauie is adrest, our power collected, Our substitutes in absence wel inuested, And euery thing lies leuell to our wish, Only we want a litle personal strength: And pause vs til these rebels now afoote, Come vnderneath the yoke of gouernment.

*War.* Both which we doubt not, but your maiesty Shal soone enioy,

*King* Humphrey my sonne of Gloster, where is the prince your brother?

*Glo.* I thinke hees gone to hunt, my lord, at Winsor.

*King* And how accompanied?

*Glo.* I do not know, my lord.

*King* Is not his brother Thomas of Clarence with him?

*Glo.* No, my good lord, he is in presence here.

*Clar.* What would my lord and father?

*King* Nothing but well to thee Thomas of Clarence, How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother? He loues thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas, Thou hast a better place in his affection

Then

## Henry the fourth.

Then all thy brothers, cherrish it my boy:  
And noble offices thou maist effect  
Of mediation after I am dead,  
Betweene his greatnesse and thy other brethren:  
Therefore omit him not, blunt not his loue,  
Nor loose the good aduantage of his grace,  
By seeming cold, or carelesse of his will,  
For he is gracious if he be obseru'de,  
He hath a teare for pittie, and a hand,  
Open as day for meeting charitie,  
Yet notwithstanding being incens'd, he is flint,  
As humorous as winter, and as sodaine  
As flawes congealed in the spring of day:  
His temper therefore must be well obseru'd,  
Chide him for faults, and do it reuerently,  
When you perceiue his blood inclin'd to mirth:  
But being moody, giue him time and scope,  
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground  
Confound themselves with working, learne this Thomas,  
And thou shalt proue a shelter to thy friends,  
A hoope of gold to binde thy brothers in,  
That the vnited vessell of their blood,  
(Mingled with venome of suggestion,  
As force perforce, the age will powre it in,)  
Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as strong,  
As Aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

*Cla.* I shall obserue him with all care and loue.

*King* Why art thou not at Winfore with him Thomas?

*Tho.* He is not there to day, he dines in London.

*King* And how accompanied?

*Tho.* With Poinces, and other his continuall followers.

*King* Most subiect is the fattest soyle to weeds,  
And he, the noble image of my youth,  
Is ouerspread with them, therefore my griefe  
Stretches it selfe beyond the howre of death:  
The blood weepes from my heart when I do shape,

H 2

In



*The second part of*

In formes imaginary, th'unguyded daies,  
And rotten times that you shall looke vpon,  
When I am sleeping with my auncestors:  
For when his head-strong riot hath no curbe,  
VVhen rage and hot bloud are his counsellors,  
VVhen meanes and lauish manners meete together,  
Oh with what wings shal his affections flie,  
Towards fronting peril and opposde decay?  
*War.* My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite,  
The prince but studies his companions,  
Like a strange tongue wherein to gaine the language:  
Tis needfull that the most immodest word,  
Be lookt vpon and learnt, which once attaind,  
Your highnesse knowes comes to no further vse,  
But to be knowne and hated: so, like grosse termes,  
The prince will in the perfectnesse of time,  
Cast off his followers, and their memory  
Shall as a pattern, or a measure liue,  
By which his grace must mete the liues of other,  
Turning past-euils to aduantages.

*King.* Tis seldome when the bee doth leaue her comb,  
In the dead carion: who's here, Westmerland?

*Enter Westmerland.*

*West.* Health to my soueraigne, and new happinesse  
Added to that that I am to deliuer,  
Prince Iohn your sonne doth kisse your graces hand.  
Mowbray, the Bishop, Scroope, Hastings, and al,  
Are brought to the correction of your law:  
There is not now a rebels sword vntheathd,  
But Peace puts forth her oliue euery where,  
The manner how this action hath bin borne,  
Here at more leisure may your highnesse reade,  
With euery course in his particular.

*King.* O Westmerland, thou art a summer bird,  
VVhich euer in the haunch of winter sings  
The lising vp of day: looke heres more newes, *enter Harcor.*  
*Hare.*

*Henry the fourth.*

*Hare.* From enemies, heauens keep your maiesty,  
And when they stand against you, may they fall  
As those that I am come to tell you of:  
The Earle Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolfe,  
With a great power of English, and of Scots,  
Are by the shrieue of Yorkshire ouerthrowne,  
The manner, and true order of the fight,  
This packet, please it you, contains at large,

*Ki.* And wherfore should these good news make me sicke?  
Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full,  
But wet her faire words stil in foulest termes?  
She either giues a stomach, and no foode,  
Such are the poore in health: or else a feast,  
And takes away the stomach, such are the rich  
That haue abundance, and enioy it not:  
I should reioyce now at this happy newes,  
And now my sight failes, and my braine is giddy,  
O me, come neare me, now I am much ill.

*Hum.* Comfort your maiesty.

*Clar.* O my royall father!

*West.* My foueraigne Lord, cheere vp your selfe, look vp.

*War.* Be patient princes, you do know these fits  
Are with his highnesse very ordinary.

Stand from him, giue him ayre, heel straight be wel.

*Clar.* No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs,  
Th'incessant care and labour of his mind,  
Hath wrought the Mure that should confine it in,  
So thin that life lookes through.

*Hum.* The people feare me, for they do obserue  
Vnfather'd heires, and lothly births of nature,  
The seasons change their manners, as the yeere  
Had found some moneths a sleepe, and leapt them ouer.

*Clar.* The riuer hath thrice flow'd, no ebbe between,  
And the old folk, (Times doting chronicles,)  
Say, it did so a little time before

That our great grandfire Edward, sickt and died,

H 3

*War.*



## The second part of

*War.* Speake lower, princes, for the King recouers.  
*Hum.* This apoplexi wil certaine be his end.  
*King* I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence,  
 Into some other chamber.  
 Let there be no noyse made, my gentle friends,  
 Vnlesse some dull and fauourable hand  
 Will whisper musique to my weary spirite.  
*War.* Call for the musique in the other roome.  
*King* Set me the crowne vpon my pillow here.  
*Clar.* His eie is hollow, and he changes much.  
*War.* Lesse noyse, lesse noyse. *Enter Harry*  
*Prince* Who saw the duke of Clarence?  
*Clar.* I am here brother, ful of heauinesse.  
*Prince* How now, raine within doores, and none abroad?  
 How doth the King?  
*Hum.* Exceeding ill.  
*Prince* Heard he the good newes yet? tell it him.  
*Hum.* He alired much vpon the hearing it,  
*Prince* If he be sicke with ioy, heele recouer without phisicke.  
*War.* Not so much noyse my Lords, sweete prince, speake  
 lowe, the King your father is disposde to sleepe.  
*Cla.* Let vs withdraw into the other roome.  
*War.* Wilt please your Grace to go along with vs?  
*Prince* No, I wil sit and watch heere by the King.  
 Why doth the Crowne lie there vpon his pillow,  
 Being so troublesome a bedfellow?  
 O polisht perturbation! golden care!  
 That keepst the ports of Slumber open wide  
 To many a watchfull night, sleepe with it now!  
 Yet not so sound, and halfe so deeply sweete,  
 As he whose brow (with homely biggen bound)  
 Snores out the watch of night. O maiestie!  
 When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit  
 Like a rich armour worne in heate of day,  
 That scaldst with fasty (by his gates of breath)

There

## Henry the fourth.

There lies a dowlly feather which stirs not,  
 Did he suspire, that light and weightlesse dowlne  
 Perforce must moue my gracious lord my father:  
 This sleepe is sound indeede, this is a sleepe,  
 That from this golden Rigoll hath diuorst  
 So many English Kings, thy deaw from me,  
 Is teares and heauy sorowes of the blood,  
 Which nature, loue, and filiall tendernesse  
 Shall (O deare father) pay thee plenteously:  
 My due from thee is this imperiall Crowne,  
 Which as immediate from thy place and blood,  
 Deriues it selfe to me: loe where it sits,  
 Which God shal guard, and put the worlds whole strength  
 Into one giant arme, it shal not force,  
 This lineal honor from me, this from thee  
 Will I to mine leaue, as tis left to me. *exit.*

*Enter Warwicke, Gloucester, Clarence.*

*King* Warwicke, Gloucester, Clarence.  
*Clar.* Doth the King cal?  
*War.* What would your Maiestie?  
*King* Why did you leaue me here alone, my lords?  
*Cla.* We left the prince my brother here my liege, who vnderooke to sit and watch by you.  
*King* The prince of Wales, where is he? let me see him: he is not here.  
*War.* This doore is open, he is gone this way.  
*Hum.* He came not through the chamber where we staide.  
*King* Where is the Crowne? who took it from my pillow?  
*War.* When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.  
*King* The Prince hath tane it hence, go seeke him out:  
 Is he so hastie, that he doth suppose my sleepe my death?  
 Finde him, my lord of Warwicke, chide him hither.  
 This part of his conioynes with my disease,  
 And helps to end me: see, sonnes, what things you are,  
 How quickly nature falls into reuolt,  
 When gold becomes her obiekt?

For



## The second part of

For this, the foolish ouer-carefull fathers  
 Haue broke their sleepe with thoughts,  
 Their braines with care, their bones with industry:  
 For this they haue ingrossed and pilld vp,  
 The cankred heapes of strange atcheeu'd gold:  
 For this they haue beene thoughtfull to inuest  
 Their sonnes with arts and martiall exercises,  
 When like the bee toling from euery flower,  
 Our thigh, packt with waxe, our mouthes with hony,  
 We bring it to the hiue: and like the bees,  
 Are murdred for our paines, this bitter taste  
 Yeelds his engrossments to the ending father,  
 Now where is he that will not stay so long,  
 Till his friend sicknesse hands determin'd me. *Enter Warwick,*  
*War.* My Lord, I found the prince in the next roome,  
 Washing with kindly teares, his gentle cheekes,  
 VVith such a deepe demeanour in great sorrow,  
 That tyranny, which neuer quast but bloud,  
 VVould by beholding him, haue washt his knife,  
 VVith gentle cic-drops, hee is comming hither. *Enter Harry.*  
*King.* But wherefore did he take away the crowne?  
 Loe where he comes, come hither to me Harry,  
 Depart the chamber, leaue vs here alone. *exeunt.*  
*Harry.* I neuer thought to heare you speake againe.  
*King.* Thy wish was father (Harry,) to that thought  
 I stay too long by thee, I weary thee,  
 Dost thou so hunger for mine emptie chaire,  
 That thou wilt needes inuest thee with my honors,  
 Before thy howre be ripe! O foolish youth,  
 Thou seekst the greatnesse that will ouerwhelme thee,  
 Stay but a little, for my clowd of dignity  
 Is held from falling with so weake a wind,  
 That it will quickly drop: my day is dim,  
 Thou hast stolne that, which after some few houres,  
 VVere thine, without offence, and at my death,  
 Thou hast seald vp my expectation,

Thy

## Henry the fourth.

Thy life did manifest thou lou'dst me not,  
 And thou wilt haue me die, assurde of it,  
 Thou hidst a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,  
 VVhom thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,  
 To stab at halfe an hower of my life.  
 VVhat, canst thou not forbear me halfe an hower?  
 Then get thee gone, and digge my graue thy selfe,  
 And bid the mery bells ring to thine care,  
 That thou art crowned, not that I am dead:  
 Let all the teares that should bedew my hearse  
 Be drops of Balme, to sanctifie thy head,  
 Only compouud me with forgotten dust.  
 Giue that which gaue thee life, vnto the wormes,  
 Plucke downe my officers, breake my decrees,  
 For now a time is come to mocke at Forme:  
 Harry the fift is crownd, vp vanitie,  
 Downe royall state, all you sage counsailers, hence,  
 And to the English Court assemble now  
 From euery region, apes of idlenesse:  
 Now neighbour confines, purge you of your scumme  
 Haue you a ruffin that will sweare, drinke, daunce,  
 Reuell the night, rob, murder, and commit  
 The oldest sinnes, the newest kind of waies?  
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more.  
 England shal double gild his trebble gilt,  
 England shall giue him office, honour, might:  
 For the fift Harry, from curbd licence, plucks  
 The mussel of restraint, and the wild dogge  
 Shal flesh his tooth on euery innocent.  
 O my poore kingdom! sicke with ciuill blowes:  
 VVhen that my care could not withhold thy riots,  
 VVhat wilt thou do when riot is thy care?  
 O thou wilt be a wilderness againe,  
 Peopled with woolues, thy old inhabitants.  
*Prince.* O pardon me, my liege, but for my teares,  
 The moist impediments vnto my speech,

I

I



## *The second part of*

I had forestald this deere and deep rebuke,  
Ere you with griefe had spoke, and I had heard  
The course of it so far: there is your crowne:  
And he that weares the crowne immortally,  
Long gard it yours: if I affect it more,  
Then as your honour, and as your renowne,  
Let me no more from this obedience rise,  
VVhich my most inward true and duteous spirit,  
Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending,  
God witnesse with me. When I here came in,  
And found no course of breath within your maiesty,  
How cold it strooke my heart: if I do faine,  
O let me in my present wildnesse die,  
And neuer liue to shew th' incredulous world,  
The noble change that I haue purposed.  
Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,  
And dead almost, my liege, to thinke you were,  
I spake vnto this crowne as hauing sence,  
And thus vpbraided it: the care on thee depending,  
Hath fed vpon the body of my father,  
Therefore thou best of gold, art worse then gold,  
Other lesse fine, in karrat more precious,  
Preseruing life in medicine potable:  
But thou, most fine, most honourd, most renown'd,  
Hast eate thy bearer vp: thus my most royall liege,  
Accusing it, I put it on my head,  
To trie with it as with an enemy,  
That had before my face murdered my father,  
The quarrell of a true inheritour,  
But if it did infect my blood with ioy,  
Or swell my thoughts to any straine of pride,  
If any rebel or vaine spirit of mine,  
Did with the least affection of a welcome,  
Giue entertainment to the might of it,  
Let God for euer keep it from my head,

And

## *Henry the fourth.*

And make me as the poorest vassaile is,  
That doth with aw and terror kneele to it.  
*King* God put in thy mind to take it hence,  
That thou mightst win the more thy fathers loue,  
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it:  
Come hither Harry, sit thou by my bed,  
And heare (I thinke) the very latest counsaile  
That euer I shal breathe. God knowes (my sonne)  
By what by-paths, and indirect crookt waies,  
I met this crowne, and I my selfe know well,  
How troublesome it sate vpon my head:  
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,  
Better opinion, better confirmation,  
For al the soyle of the atchieuement goes,  
With me into the earth, it seemd in me,  
But as an honor snatcht with boistrous hand,  
And I had many liuing to vpbraide  
My gaine of it, by their assistances,  
Which daily grew to quarrell and to bloudshed,  
Wounding supposed peace: all these bold feares  
Thou seest with perill I haue answerd:  
For all my raigne hath beene but as a Scene,  
Acting that argument: and now my death  
Changes the mood, for what in me was purchast,  
Fals vpon thee in a more fairer sort.  
So thou the garland wearst successiuelly,  
Yet though thou standst more sure then I could do,  
Thou art not firme enough, since griefes are greene,  
And all thy friends which thou must make thy friends,  
Haue but their stings and teeth newly tane out:  
By whose fell working I was first aduaunst,  
And by whose power I well might lodge a feare  
To be againe displacde: which to auoyde,  
I cut them off, and had a purpose, now  
To leade out manie to the Holy Land,  
Lest rest, and lying stil, might make them looke,

I 2

Too



## The second part of

Too neare vnto my state: therefore, my Harry,  
Be it thy course to busie giddie mindes  
With forraine quarrells, that action hence borne out,  
May waste the memory of the former dayes.  
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,  
That strength of speech is vtterly denied mee:  
How I came by the crowne, O God forgiue,  
And grant it may with thee in true peace liue.

*Prince* You won it, wore it, kept it, gaue it me,  
Then plaine and right must my possession be,  
Which I with more then with a common paine,  
Gainst all the world will rightfully maintaine: *enter Lancaster.*

*King* Looke, looke, here comes my Iohn of Lancaster.

*Lanc.* Health, peace, and happinesse to my royall father.

*King* Thou bringst me happinesse and peace sonne Iohn,  
But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne  
From this bare witherd trunk: vpon thy sight,  
My worldly busines makes a period:

Where is my lord of Warwicke?

*Prince* My Lord of Warwicke.

*King* Doth any name perticular belong  
Vnto the lodging where I first did ffound?

*War.* Tis cald Ierusalem, my noble Lord.

*King* Laud be to God, euen there my life must end.

It hath bin prophecide to me many yeares,

I should not die, but in Ierusalem,

Which vainely I supposde the Holy Land:

But beare me to that chamber, there ile lie, *Enter Shallow,*  
In that Ierusalem shall Harry die. *Falstaffe, and Bardolfe.*

*Shal.* By cock and pie sir, you shal not away to night, what  
Dauy I say?

*Falst.* You must excuse me maister Robert Shallow.

*Shal.* I will not excuse you, you shall not be excusde, ex-  
cuses shall not be admitted, there is no excuse shall serue, you  
shall not be excusde: why Dauy.

*Dauy* Here sir.

*Shal.*

## Henry the fourth.

*Shal.* Dauy, Dauy, Dauy, Dauy, let me see Dauy. let me see  
Dauy, let me see, yea mary V Villiam Cooke, bid him come  
hither, sir Iohn, you shal not be excused.

*Dauy* Mary sir thus, those precepts can not be serued, and  
again sir, shal we sow the hade land with wheate?

*Shal.* V Vith red wheat Dauy, but for V Villiam Cooke  
are there no yong pigeons?

*Dauy* Yes sir, here is now the Smiths note for shooring and  
plow-yrons.

*Shal.* Let it be cast and payed: sir Iohn, you shal not be ex-  
cused.

*Dauy* Now sir, a new lincke to the bucket must needes be  
had: and sir, do you meane to stop any of V Villiams wages, a-  
bout the sacke he lost at Hunkly Faire?

*Shal.* A shall answer it: some pigeons Dauy, a couple of  
short leggd hens, a ioynt of mutton, and any pretty little tinie  
Kick-shawes, tell william Cooke.

*Dauy* Doth the man of warre stay all night sir?

*Shal.* Yea Dauy, I will vse him well, a friend i th court is  
better then a penie in purse: vse his men wel Dauy, for they are  
arrant knaues, and will backbite.

*Dauy* No worfe then they are back-bitten sir, for they haue  
maruailes foule linnen.

*Shal.* V Vell conceited Dauy, about thy businesse Dauy.

*Dauy* I beseech you sir to countenance V Villiam Vifor  
of Woncote against Clement Perkes a th hill.

*Sha.* There is many complaints Dauy against that Vifor,  
that Vifor is an arrant knaue on my knowledge.

*Dauy* I graunt your worship that he is a knaue sir: but yet  
God forbid sir, but a knaue should haue some countenance at  
his friends request, an honest man sir is able to speake for him-  
selfe, when a knaue is not: I haue seru de your worship truly sir  
this eight yeares, and I cannot once, or twice in a quarter beare  
out a knaue against an honest man, I haue litle credit with your  
worship: the knaue is mine honest friend sir, therfore I beseech  
you let him be countenaunst.



## The second part of

*Shal.* Go to I say, he shal haue no wrong, look about Dany: where are you sir Iohn? come, come, come, off with your boots, giue me your hand maister Bardolfe.

*Bard.* I am glad to see your worship.

*Shal.* I thank thee with my heart kind maister Bardolfe, and welcome my tall fellow, come sir Iohn.

*Falst.* Ile follow you good maister Robert Shallow: Bardolfe, looke to our horses: if I were sawed into quantities, I should make foure dozen of such berded hermites staues as maister Shallow: it is a wonderfull thing to see the semblable coherence of his mens spirits, and his, they, by obseruing him, do beare themselves like foolish Iustices: hee, by conuersing with them, is turned into a Iustice-like seruing man, their spirits are so married in coniunction, with the participation of society, that they flocke together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suite to maister Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation, of beeing neere their maister: if to his men, I would curry with maister Shallow, that no man could better commaund his seruants. It is certaine, that eyther wise bearing, or ignorant cariage is caught, as men take diseases one of another: therefore let men take heede of their company. I will deuise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keepe prince Harry in continuall laughter, the wearing out of fixe fashions, which is foure termes, or two actions, and a shal laugh without interuallums. O it is much that a lie, with a slight oathe, and a iest, with a sad browe, will doe with a fellow that neuer had the ach in his shoulders: O you shall see him laugh til his face be like a wet cloake ill laide vp.

*Shal.* Sir Iohn.

*Falst.* I come maister Shallow, I come maister Shallow.

*Enter Warwicke, duke Humphrey, L. chiefe Iustice, Thomas Clarence, Prince Iohn, Westmerland.*

*War.* How now, my lord chiefe Iustice, whither away?

*Iust.* How doth the King?

*War.* Exceeding well, his cares are now all ended.

*Iust.* I hope not dead.

*War.*

## Henry the fourth.

*War.* Hees walkt the way of nature,  
And to our purposes he liues no more.

*Iust.* I would his Maiestie had calld me with him:  
The seruice that I truely did his life,  
Hath left me open to all iniuries.

*War.* Indeepe I thinke the yong King loues you not.

*Iust.* I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe  
To welcome the condition of the time,  
Which cannot looke more hideously vpon me,  
Than I haue drawne it in my fantasie.

*Enter Iohn, Thomas, and Humphrey.*

*War.* Heere come the heauy issue of dead Harry:  
O that the liuing Harry had the temper  
Of he, the worst of these three gentlemen!  
How many Nobles then should holde their places,  
That must strike faile to spirites of vile sort?

*Iust.* O God, I feare all will be ouer-turnd.

*Iohn.* Good morrow cosin Warwicke, good morrow.

*Prin. ambo.* Good morrow cosin.

*Iohn.* We meete like men that had forgot to speake.

*War.* We do remember, but our argument  
Is all too heauy to admit much talke.

*Iohn.* Well, peace be with him that hath made vs heauy.

*Iust.* Peace be with vs, lest we be heauier.

*Humph.* O good my lord, you haue lost a friend indeede,  
And I dare sweare you borrow not that face  
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your owne.

*Iohn.* Though no man be assurde what grace to finde,  
You stand in coldest expectation,  
I am the forier, would twere otherwise.

*Cl.* Well, you must now speake sir Iohn Falstaffe faire,  
Which swimmes against your streame of quallitic.

*Iust.* Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honor,  
Led by th'impartiall conduct of my soule.  
And neuer shall you see that I will begge  
A ragged and forestald remission,

U



## The second part of

If truth and vpright innocencie faile me.  
Ile to the King my maister that is dead,  
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

*Enter the Prince  
and Blunt*

*War.* Here comes the Prince.

*Iust.* Good morrow, and God saue your maiestie.

*Prince* This new and gorgeous garment Maiesty  
Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke:

Brothers, you mixt your sadnesse with some feare,  
This is the English, not the Turkish court,  
Not Amurath an Amurath succeedes,  
But Harry Harry: yet be sad, good brothers,  
For by my faith it very well becomes you:  
Sorrow so royally in you appears,  
That I will deeply put the fashion on,  
And weare it in my heart: why then be sad,  
But entertaine no more of it, good brothers,  
Then a ioynt burden layd vpon vs all,  
For me, by heauen (I bid you be assurde)  
Ile be your father, and your brother too,  
Let me but beare your loue, Ile beare your cares:  
Yet weepe that Harries dead, and so will I,  
But Harry liues, that shal conuert those teares  
By number into howres of happinesse.

*Bro.* We hope no otherwise from your maiesty.

*Prince* You al looke strangely on me, and you most,  
You are I thinke assurde I loue you not.

*Iust.* I am assurde, if I be measurde rightly,  
Your maiesty hath no iust cause to hate me.

*Prince* No? how might a prince of my great hopes forget,  
So great indignities you laid vpon me?  
What rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison,  
Th' immediate heire of England? was this easie?  
May this be washt in lethy and forgotten?

*Iust.* I then did vse the person of your father,  
The image of his power lay then in me,  
And in th' administration of his law,

Whiles

## Henry the fourth.

Whiles I was busie for the common wealth,  
Your Highnesse pleased to forget my place,  
The maiestie and power of law and iustice,  
The image of the King whom I presented,  
And strooke me in my very seate of iudgement,  
Whereon, (as an offendor to your father,)  
I gaue bold way to my authority,  
And did commit you: if the deed were ill,  
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,  
To haue a sonne set your decrees at naught?  
To plucke downe Iustice from your awful bench?  
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword,  
That guards the peace and safetie of your person?  
Nay more, to spurne at your most royall image,  
And mocke your workings in a second body?  
Question your royall thoughts, make the case yours,  
Be now the father, and propose a sonne,  
Heare your owne dignity so much prophan'd,  
See your most dreadfull lawes so loosely slighted,  
Behold your selfe so by a sonne disdained:  
And then imagine me taking your part,  
And in your power soft silencing your sonne,  
After this cold considerance sentence me,  
And as you are a King, speake in your state,  
What I haue done that misbecame my place,  
My person, or my lieges soueraigntie.

*Prince* You are right Iustice, and you weigh this well,  
Therefore still beare the Ballance and the Sword,  
And I do wish your honors may encrease,  
Til you do liue to see a sonne of mine  
Offend you, and obey you as I did:  
So shall I liue to speake my fathers words,  
Happie am I that haue a man so bold,  
That dares do iustice on my proper sonne:  
And not lesse happie, hauing such a sonne,  
That would deliuer vp his greatnesse so,

K

Into



## The second part of

Into the hands of Iustice you did commit me:  
 For which I do commit into your hand,  
 Th'vnstained sword that you haue vsde to beare,  
 With this remembrance, that you vse the same  
 With the like bold, iust, and impartial spirit,  
 As you haue done gainst me: there is my hand,  
 You shall be as a father to my youth,  
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine care,  
 And I wil stoope and humble my intents,  
 To your well practizd wise directions.  
 And princes all, beleue me I beseech you,  
 My father is gone wild into his graue:  
 For in his toomb lie my affections,  
 And with his spirites sadly I suruiue,  
 To mocke the expectation of the world,  
 To frustrate prophecies, and to race out,  
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me downe  
 After my seeming, the tide of bloud in me  
 Hath proudely flowd in vanitie till now:  
 Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the sea,  
 Where it shall mingle with the state of flouds,  
 And flow henceforth in formall maiestie.  
 Now call we our high court of parliament,  
 And let vs chuse such limbs of noble counsaile,  
 That the great bodie of our state may goe,  
 In equall ranke with the best gouern'd Nation,  
 That warre, or peace, or both at once, may be,  
 As things acquainted and familiar to vs,  
 In which you father shall haue formost hand:  
 Our coronation done, we wil accite,  
 (As I before remembred) all our state,  
 And (God consigning to my good intents,)  
 No prince nor peere shall haue iust cause to say,  
 God shorten Harries happy life one day.

exit.

Enter sir Iohn, Shallow, Scilens, Dany, Bardolfe, page.

Shal. Nay you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour we  
 will

## Henry the fourth.

will eate a last yeeres pippen of mine owne graffing, with a  
 dish of carrawaies and so forth: come cousin Scilens, and then  
 to bed.

Falst. Fore God you haue here goodly dwelling, and rich.

Shal. Barraine, barraine, barraine, beggars all, beggars all sir  
 Iohn, mary good ayre: spread Dany, spread Dany, well saide  
 Dany.

Fal. This Dany serues you for good vses, hee is your ser-  
 uing-man, and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet sir  
 Iohn: by the mas I haue drunke too much sacke at supper: a  
 good varlet: now sit downe, now sit downe, come cosin.

Scilens A firra quoth a, we shall do nothing but eate and  
 make good cheere, and praise God for the merry yeere, when  
 flesh is cheape and females deare, and lusty laddes roame here  
 and there so merely, and euer among so merily.

sir Iohn Theres a merry heart, good M. Scilens, ile giue you a  
 health for that anon.

Shal. Giue master Bardolfe some wine, Dany.

Dany Sweet sir sit, ile be with you anon, most sweet sir sit,  
 master Page, good master Page sit: proface, what you want in  
 meate, wee le haue in drink, but you must beare, the heart's al.

Shal. Be mery master Bardolfe, and my litle souldier there,  
 be mery.

Scilens Pe mery, be mery, my wife has all, for women are  
 shrowes both short and tall, tis mery in hal when beards wags  
 all, and welcome mery shrouetide, be mery, be mery.

Falst. I did not thinke master Scilens had bin a man of this  
 mettall.

Scilens Who l? I haue beene mery twice and once ere now.

Enter Dany.

Dany Theres a dish of Lether-coates for you.

Shal. Dany?

Dany Your worship: Ile be with you straight, a cup of wine  
 fir.

Scilens A cup of wine thats briske and fine, and drinke vnto

K 2

the



## The second part of

the Ieman mine, and a mery heart liues long a.

*Falst.* Well said master Scilens.

*Scilens* And we shall be mery, now comes in the sweete a th night.

*Falst.* Health and long life to you master Scilens.

*Scilens* Fill the cuppe, and let it come, ile pledge you a mile too th bottoome.

*Shal.* Honest Bardolfe, welcome, if thou wantst any thing, and wilt not call, befhrew thy heart, welcome my little tiny theefe, and welcome indeede too, He drink to master Bardolfe, and to all the cabileros about London.

*Dany* I hope to see London once ere I die.

*Bar.* And I might see you there Dany!

*Shal.* By the mas youle crack a quarte together, ha will you not master Bardolfe?

*Bar.* Yea fir, in a pottle pot.

*Sha.* By Gods liggens I thanke thee, the knaue will sticke by thee, I can assure thee that a wil not out, a tis true bred!

*Bar.* And ile stick by hun fir.

*One knockes at doore.*

*Sha.* Why there spoke a King: lacke nothing, be mery, looke who s at doore there ho, who knockes?

*Falst.* Why now you haue done me right.

*Scilens* Do me right, and dub me Knight, samingo: ist not so?

*Falst.* Tis so.

*Scilens* Ist so, why then say an olde man can do somewhat.

*Dany* And tplease your worship, theres one Pistoll come from the court with newes.

*enter Pistol.*

*Falst.* From the Court? let him come in, how now Pistol?

*Pistol* Sir Iohn God saue you.

*Falst.* What wind blew you hither Pistol?

*Pistol* Not the ill winde which blowes no man to good: sweete Knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this Realme.

*Scilens* Birlady I think a be, but goodman Puffe of Barfon.

*Pisto* Puffe? Puffe ith thy teeth, most recreant coward, base, fir Iohn, I am thy Pistol and thy frend, and helter skelter, haue

I

## Henry the fourth.

I rode to thee, and tidings do I bring, and luckie ioyes, and golden times, and happy newes of price.

*Iohn* I pray thee now deliuer them like a man of this world.

*Pistol* A footre for the world and worldlings base, I speake of Affrica and golden ioyes.

*Iohn* O base Affirian Knight! what is thy newes? let King Couetua know the truth thereof.

*Scilens* And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and Iohn.

*Pistol* Shal dunghill curs confront the Helicons? and shall good newes be baffled? then Pistoll lay thy head in Furies lap.

*Shal.* Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

*Pistol* Why then lament therefore.

*Shal.* Giue me pardon fir, if fir you come with newes from the court, I take it theres but two waies, either to vtter them, or conceale them, I am fir vnder the King in some authoritie.

*Pistol* Vnder which King, Besonian? speake, or die.

*Shal.* Vnder King Harry.

*Pistol* Harry the fourth, or fift?

*Shal.* Harry the fourth.

*Pist* A fowtre for thine office: fir Iohn, thy tender lambkin now is King: Harry the fifts the man: I speake the truth: when Pistoll lies, do this, and fig me, like the bragging spaniard.

*Falst.* What is the old King dead?

*Pistol* As nayle in doore, the things I speake are iust.

*Shal.* Away Bardolfe, saddle my horse, M. Robert Shallow, I choose what office thou wilt in the land, tis thine: Pistol, I will double charge thee with dignities.

*Bard.* O ioyful day! I would not take a Knight for my fortune.

*Pistol* What? I do bring good newes.

*Falst.* Carry master Scilens to bed: master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortunes steward, get on thy boots, weel ride al night: ô sweet Pistol, away Bardolf, com Pistol, vtter more to me, and withall, deuise something to doe thy selfe good, boote, boote master Shallow, I know the yong

K 3

King



## The second part of

King is sicke for me: let vs take any mans horses, the lawes of England are at my commandement, blessed are they that haue bin my friends, and woe to my Lord chiefe Iustice.

*Pist.* Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also: where is the life that late I led, say they, why here it is, welcome these pleasant dayes.

*Enter Sincklo and three or foure officers.*

*Host.* No, thou arrant knaue, I would to God that I might die, that I might haue thee hangd, thou hast drawn my shoulder out of ioynt.

*Sincklo* The Constables haue deliuered her ouer to mee, and shee shal haue whipping cheere I warrant her, there hath beene a man or two kild about her.

*Whoore* Nut-hooke, Nut-hooke, you lie, come on, Ile tell thee what, thou damnd tripe visage rascall, and the child I go with, do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst strook thy mother, thou paper-facde villaine.

*Host.* O the Lord, that sir Iolin were come! I would make this a bloody day to some body: but I pray God the fruite of her wombe miscarry.

*Sincklo.* If it doe, you shall haue a dozen of cushions againe, you haue but eleuen now: come, I charge you both goe with mee, for the man is dead that you and Pistoll beat amongst you.

*Whoore* Ile tell you what, you thin man in a censor, I will haue you as soundly swingde for this, you blew bottle rogue, you filthy famisht correctioner, if you be not swingde, Ile forswear halfe kirtles.

*Sinck.* Come, come, you shee-Knight-arrant, come.

*Host.* O God, that right should thus ouercom might! wel, of sufferance comes ease.

*Whoore* Come you rogue, come bring me to a iustice.

*Host.* I come, you starude blood-hound.

*Whoore* Goodman death, goodman bones.

*Host.* Thou Atomy, thou.

*Whoore* Come you thinn thing, come you rascall.

*Sincklo*

## Henry the fourth.

*Sinck.* Very well.

*Enter firewers of rushes.*

1 More rushes, more rushes.

2 The trumpets haue sounded twice.

3 T will be two a clocke ere they come from the coronation, dispatch, dispatch.

*Trumpets sound, and the King, and his traine passe over the stage: after them enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolfe, and the Boy.*

*Falst.* Stand heere by me maister Shallow, I will make the King doe you grace, I will leere vpon him as a comes by, and do but marke the countenance that he will giue me.

*Pist.* God blesse thy lungs good Knight.

*Falst.* Come heere Pistoll, stand behinde mee. O if I had had time to haue made new liueries: I woulde haue bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you, but tis no matter, this poore shew doth better, this doth inferre the zeale I had to see him.

*Pist.* It doth so.

*Falst.* It shewes my earnestnesse of affection.

*Pist.* It doth so.

*Falst.* My deuotion.

*Pist.* It doth, it doth, it doth.

*Fal.* As it were to ride day & night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to haue pacience to shift me.

*Shal.* It is best certain: but to stand stained with trauaile, and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing els, putting all affaires else in obliuion, as if there were nothing els to bee done, but to see him.

*Pist.* Tis *semper idem*, for, *obscure hoc nihil est*, tis in euery part.

*Shal.* Tis so indeede.

*Pist.* My Knight, I will inflame thy noble liuer, and make thee rage, thy Dol, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, is in base durance, and contagious prison, halde thither by most mechanical, and durtie hand: rowze vp reuenge from Ebon den, with  
fell



## The second part of

fell Alecdoesnake, for Doll is in : Pistoll speakes nought but truth.

*Falst.* I will deliuer her.

*Pist.* There roared the sea, and trumpet Clangor sounds.

*Enter the King and his traine.*

*Falst.* God saue thy grace King Hall, my royall Hall.

*Pist.* The heauens thee gard and keep, most royal impe of fame.

*Falst.* God saue thee, my sweet boy.

*King.* My Lord chiefe iustice, speake to that vaine man.

*Iust.* Haue you your wits? know you what tis you speake?

*Falst.* My King, my Loue, I speake to thee, my heart.

*King.* I know thee not old man, fall to thy praiers,  
How ill white heires becomes a foole and iester,

I haue long dreamt of such a kind of man,

So surfet-sweld, so old, and so prophane: I haue

But being awakt, I do despise my dreame,

Make lesse thy body (hence) and more thy grace,

Leaue gourmandizing, know the graue doth gape

For thee, thrice wider then for other men,

Reply not to me with a foole-borne iest,

Presume not that I am the thing I was,

For God doth know, so shall the world perceiue,

That I haue turnd away my former selfe,

So will I those that kept me company:

When thou dost heare I am as I haue bin,

Approch me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,

The tutor and the feeder of my riots:

Till then I banish thee on paine of death,

As I haue done the rest of my misleaders,

Not to come neare our person by ten mile:

For competence of life, I wil allow you,

That lacke of meanes enforce you not to euills,

And as we heare you do reforme your selues,

We will according to your strengths and qualities,

Giue you aduancement. Be it your charge, my lord,

To

## Henry the fourth.

To see performd the tenure of my word: set on.

*John.* Master Shallow I ow you a thousand pound.

*Shal.* Yea mary sir Iohn, which I beseech you to let me haue home with me.

*John.* That can hardly be, master Shallow: do not you grieue at this, I shall be sent for in priuate to him, looke you, hee must seeme thus to the world: feare not your aduancements, I will be the man yet that shal make you great.

*Shal.* I cannot perceiue how, vnlesse you giue me your dublet, and stuffe me out with straw: I beseech you good sir Iohn let me haue fife hundred of my thousand.

*John.* Sir I will be as good as my worde, this that you heard was but a collour.

*Shal.* A collor that I feare you will die in sir Iohn.

*John.* Feare no colours, go with me to dinner:

Come lieftenant Pistol, come Bardolfe,

I shall be sent for soone at night. *Enter Iustice and prince Iohn*

*Iustice.* Go eary sir Iohn Falstafse to the Fleet,  
Take all his company along with him.

*Fal.* My lord, my lord.

*Iust.* I cannot now speake, I will heare you soone, take them away. *exennt.*

*Pist.* Si fortuna me tormenta spero contenta.

*John.* I like this faire proceeding of the Kings,  
He hath intent his wonted followers

Shall all be very well prouided for,

But all are banisht till their conuersations

Apppeare more wise and modest to the worlde.

*Iust.* And so they are.

*John.* The King hath cald his parlament my lord.

*Iust.* He hath.

*John.* I wil lay ods, that ere this yeere expire,

We beare our ciuil swords and natiue fier,

As farre as France, I heard a bird so sing,

Whose musique, to my thinking, pleasde the King:

Come, will you hence?

L

First



*Epilogue.*

First my feare then my curſie, laſt my ſpeech.  
My feare, is your diſpleaſure, my curſy, my duty, & my ſpeech,  
to beg your pardons: if you looke for a good ſpeech now, you  
vndo me, for what I haue to ſay is of mine owne making, and  
what indeed (I ſhould ſay) wil (I doubt) proue mine owne mar-  
ring: but to the purpoſe, and ſo to the venture. Be it knowne to  
you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a diſplea-  
ſing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promiſe you a bet-  
ter: I meant indeed to pay you with this, which if like an il ven-  
ture it come vnluckily home, I breake, and you my gentle cre-  
ditors looſe, here I promiſe you I would be, and here I com-  
mit my body to your mercies, bate me ſome, and I will pay you  
ſome, and (as moſt debtors do) promiſe you infinitely: and ſo I  
kneele downe before you; but indeed, to pray for the Queene.

If my tongue cannot intreate you to acquit mee, will you  
commaund me to uſe my legges? And yet that were but light  
payment, to daunce out of your debt, but a good conſci-  
ence will make any poſſible ſatiſfaction, and ſo woulde I: all  
the Gentlewomen heere haue forgiuen me, if the Gentlemen  
will not, then the Gentlemen doe not agree with the Gentle-  
women, which was neuer ſeene in ſuch an aſſembly.

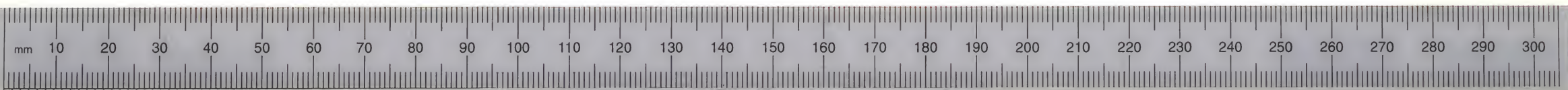
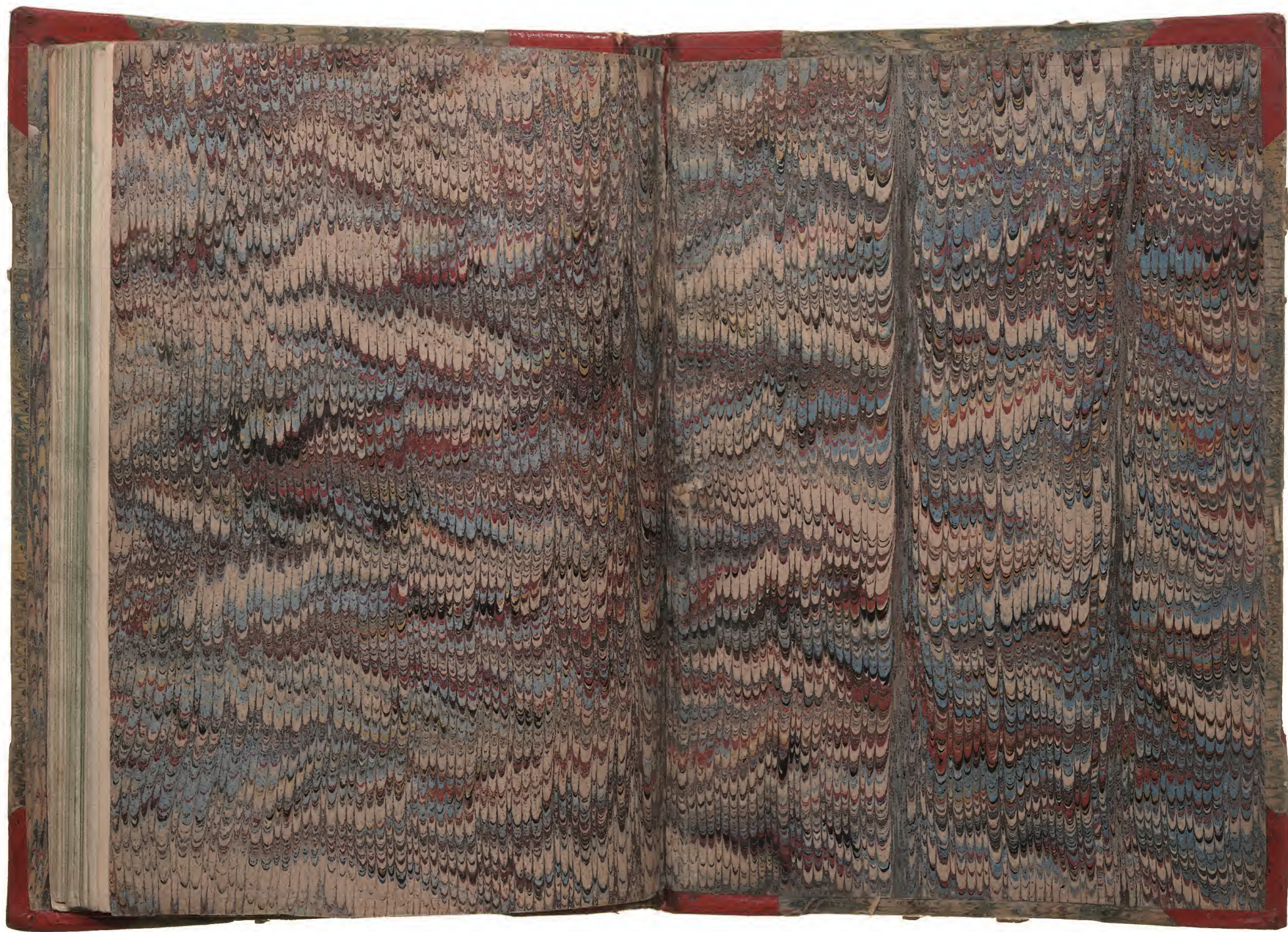
One word more I beſeech you, if you bee not too much  
cloyd with fatte meate, our humble Author will continue the  
ſtorie, with ſir Iohn in it, and make you merry with faire Ka-  
tharine of Fraunce, where (for any thing I knowe) Falſtaffe  
ſhall die of a ſweat, vneleſſe already a be killd with your harde  
opinions; for Olde-castle died Martyre, and this is not the  
man: my tongue is weary, when my legges are too, I wil bid  
you, good night.

F I N I S.















C. 12

THE SECOND PART OF HENRIE THE FOURTH. LOND. 1600.

g 20

SHAKESPEARE

